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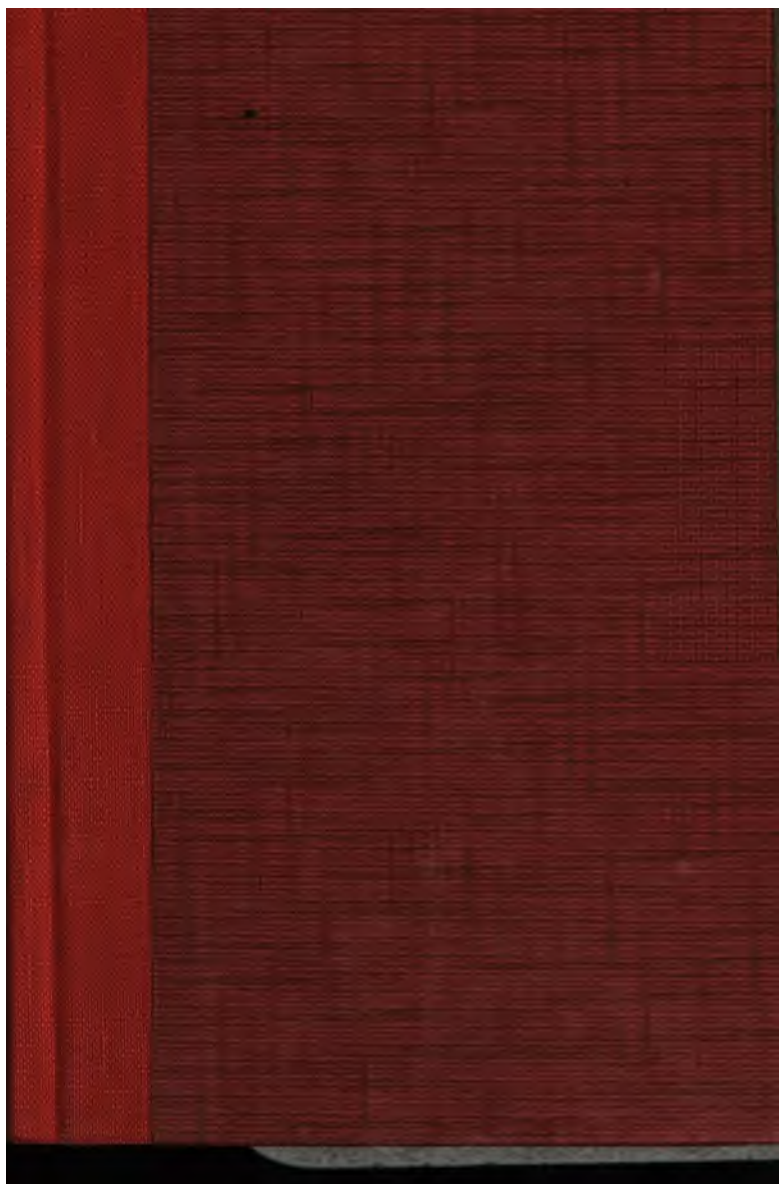
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RHYMED REASON BY A RADICAL.

THE POLITICS OF THE PEOPLE.

BY ONE OF THEMSELVES.

PART I.

Le Peuple est ma Muse.

Bernard

LONDON :

MURBY, 32, BOUVERIE STREET.

1865.

280.f.337.



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LONDON
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TO
THE ENGLISH PEOPLE,
IN AMERICA
CHOOSING THEIR RULERS,
IN ENGLAND
SOON TO HAVE THEIR RULERS
CHOSEN FOR THEM,

I Dedicate these.

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THE WHIG'S CONFESSION.

AN EXCELLENT NEW BALLAD, BY A MEMBER OF THE
RULING FAMILIES.

I'M a Whig—I'm a Whig, Sirs,—yes I am one of those
The people's proper champions—the Tories' proper foes ;
O lend me but your doubting ears, and, friends, I'll quickly
show

How much unto us Liberals—us buff-and-blues you owe ;
How reason good you people have to give kind Heaven praise,
That for your glory and your good, it blesses you with Greys—
That, willing England to be great and quite enough free too,
In its graciousness, oh render thanks, it Russells makes for
you,

And earls and lordlings by the score of some few names
beside,

To think for you—to rule you and aright your course to guide,
Ay, batches of born statesmen, of whose very names a sight
Shows plain you can't go wrong with them—with them you
must go right ;

O blessed land, for anything why need you care two figs
While to tax you and to rule for you, your governors are Whigs !

O that there should be cavillers—be wicked ones who doubt
Whether Whigs and Whig taxation you'd not better be without !
Who dare to waver in their faith of whether you were born
By Whigs for ever to be ruled—for ever to be shorn !

Whose unbelieving prying minds, it clearly seems to strike
That Tory rule and Whiggish sway are really much alike—
Or, if—so blind, alas! are they to all with which they're blest—
They had to choose, would almost think they'd like the first
the best;

The demagogues!—the Jacobins!—and will you put your trust
In men who say we never give a thing until we must—
Who call us Tories in disguise who everything refuse
Until we must creep on or else the loaves of office lose?
What if you're taxed and lord-be-ruled—why need you care
two figs

While you can bless your stars, and say your governors are
Whigs!

Have we not talked retrenchment?—ay, when we are out of
place,

Would our thunderings for the people's rights a Radical
disgrace?

Ah, when in opposition, read our stormy speeches through—
Read the go-the-whole-hog articles of our blue-buff Review—
Hear us roar against abuses—hear us bluster game laws down,
With a sneer at lords and even scarce a reverence for the crown,
Denouncements fierce of sinecures in sentences of fire,
And scorplings up of pension-lists in acted honest hire;
What screechings at the Tories then fatigue our aching lungs!
What houndings of the people on are ever on our tongues!
What bounds have then our longings for the many 'gainst the
few!

What limits have our promises of what in power we'll do!
When in, the whole is clean forgot—but then who care two figs?
What matters that, when, happy Sirs, your governors are Whigs!

Away with your reform and stuff! look, people, look abroad!
From wishing off one sinecure, you surely must be awed!

Revolution! Revolution! of the pensions touch not one!
Not a whisper 'gainst abuses, Sirs, or property's undone;
Look at Paris! look at Berlin! let a proper, proper fear
Leave us Whigs the loaves and fishes all, from all annoyance
clear;

The suffrage! stretch it but to one, and sees not every dunce
All trade is stopped and London's straight bombarded down
at once?

The ballot! hush! for God's sake hush! oh utter not its name!
Fools—madmen—keep your lips close, or your fate will be the
same:

Revolution! Revolution! mark what we in office say,
You're only safe if all we ask ungrudgingly you pay;
Pay—pay and work; work—work and pay! what 't is, don't
care two figs,

Too happy—happy in the thought your governors are Whigs!

Unsilenced now by thirst for place—for place that others hold,
In placid calm official words the truth can out be told;
Just enough of agitation, Sirs, is right beyond a doubt,
As, when we Whigs are wanting place, will hunt the Tories out;
And just that due amount of power the people ought to win
As, quite without controlling Whigs, will safely keep them in;
Small places unto Cobdens, if they'll take them, we'll afford—
Low offices to Rowland Hills, beneath a nameless lord,
And Woods and Wilsons, if they'll serve, let small preferments
teach

The praise of Whigs and Whiggish acts, in speeches strange,
to preach;

But still the chosen families—the houses few, alone,
Our glorious constitution should allow, high place, to own;
And ever Whigs should rule the roast, nor people care two figs
How they are ruled, too happy while their governors are Whigs.

1848.

MY DREAM.

TO THOMAS CARLYLE.

"PETER of the North to PAUL of the South.—Paul, you unaccountable scoundrel, I find you hire your servants for life, not by the month or year, as I do."—THOMAS CARLYLE'S "American Illiad in a Nutshell," *Macmillan's Magazine*.

O THOMAS of Chelsea, I've dreamed such a dream!
I'd been reading that dialogue, more smart than grave,
In which you've so settled the case, as you deem,
Of North against South, and of Whip *versus* Slave.
Excuse me—I wondered—I nodded—I dozed,
And straight to your Eden of fetters I flew,
And scenes I saw stranger than you'd have supposed;
Bless your stars, brother Thomas, those scenes were not true!

Yes, 't was South Carolina—'t was Charleston, no doubt—
But changed—why has quite from my memory slipped—
For the whites now were "hired," as it straightway turned out,
"For life," by the blacks, to be laboured and whipped.
I've never been given, like you, to regard
Men treated as beasts as a comical sight;
In the case, as it had been, of blacks it seemed hard,
And as hard it seemed now that the niggers were white.

But a Negro, your namesake, was luckily by,
And this sablest of sages, O how he did grin,
As I uttered my doubtings. "They men like us! why,
The chattels! had they any black in their skin?"

Were they not white all over? What! had I no eyes?
They fitted for freedom!—why, where was their wool!"
He couldn't help sneering out lofty surprise
That my brain could of such silly nonsense be full.

"To be worked, to be wallopped for nothing," he said,
"The eternities sent forth all whites—'twas their doom."
Just then an old greybeard was livelily led
To the block—for an auction went on in the room;
And think how I stared! why, the chattel, alack!
Yes, 'twas you—no mistake!—you put up there to sell!
You grumbled—whack! down came the thong on your
back!
Good lord! how you, Thomas, did wriggle and yell!

My black sage looked on with a sneering disdain,
Stepped up to the block and examined your mouth;
Poked your ribs with his stick; you objected in vain—
"Whites were made to be served so by blacks in the South!"
A lively discussion around you arose,
On the strength of your legs—on your age; thump on
thump,
Tried to straighten you upright; one would tweak your
nose;
One hustled you down, just to see how you'd jump.

'Twas fun to their blackships; but, Thomas, I've fears
Your temper that moment was none of the best;
There was rage in your scowl; in your old eyes were tears;
For it seems Mrs. Carlyle had just been sold West;
And what might, too, put some hard words in your mouth—
Though it did not affect your black namesake the least—
Master Carlyle was "hired for life," right down South—
Miss Carlyle had been ditto right away East.

So you didn't jump lively, and laugh as you ought,
Though, cursed in a whisper, you tried to look gay,
But at last for a rice-swamp you, Thomas, were bought,
Or "hired for life," as your sageship would say;
Rather "hired for death"—so I dared to suggest;
But then, that's all right, as the world must have rice,
If lives of old whites raise the whitest and best,
Why, we must have our crop, and we must pay the price.

You were handcuffed, and off to twelve hours a day
In a sweltering swamp, with a smart overseer,
Sure, if you do anything—speak, think, or pray,
But as master allows, for that crime to pay dear:
A beast—every right of a man set at nought—
Every power chained down—every feeling defied—
To exist for the labour for which you were bought,
Till the memory of manhood has out of you died.

And as you went off, looking rueful enough,
I couldn't help thinking, my sage, in my dream,
You perhaps might be taught in a school rather rough,
On "hirings for life" to have views less extreme,
That when you've tried slavery's hell for awhile,
The misery of millions won't seem a good joke
A grin from the dulness of fools to beguile—
And thinking this, Thomas, thank heaven! I awoke.

STOP THAT AUSTRALIA!

A WARNING TO ALL WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

AUSTRALIA needs our care, my friends,
Its progress let 's at once give heed to,
Or Lord knows where at last 't will end,
And God knows what its growth will lead to!
A continent in such a state!
Nations half grown ere well we heed 'em,
With not a thing that makes us great,
And not a drag upon their freedom.
Quick! ship them off some queens and kings;
Some princes, gold-sticks, court fools grant them;
Earls, bishops, deans, and all such things,
Or soon they won't know that they want them.

Quick! quick! and first pray give them courts,
Yes, one for every rising nation;
No, perhaps not of the German sorts,
They might not love such degradation.
But if the continental kind
They will not have, to gag and shoot them,
Our sort may be more to their mind,
That will but tax them—that may suit them.
Quick! ship them off some queens and kings;
Some princes, gold-sticks, court-fools, grant them;
Earls, bishops, deans, and all such things,
Or soon they won't know that they want them.

Equality—that horrid word,
Already to their ears is grateful;
Quick! let our notions be preferred,
And rank and birth no more be hateful!
A plenteous crop our soil affords
Of nobles we can well spare to them;
Off with a batch of dukes and lords,
And much good may the cargo do them!
Quick! ship them off some queens and kings;
Some princes, gold-sticks, court-fools, grant them;
Earls, bishops, deans, and all such things,
Or soon they won't know that they want them.

Send garters for each titled leg;
For every ducal brain that borders
On vacancy, quick, friends, I beg
Off with your knighthoods and your orders;
Nor destitute of all they here
Are useless for, beyond seas leave them;
Let them to their new land be dear,
And unearned pensions there receive them.
Quick! ship them off some queens and kings;
Some princes, gold-sticks, court-fools, spare them;
Earls, bishops, deans, and all such things,
Send out as long as they will bear them.

They're serving God with such a church
As with our every notion jostles;
For bishops such as ours you search
And find their's something like apostles.
Through canonries, fat prebends' stalls,
Rich livings, there no saint, heaven, enters;
Parsons are there like ancient Pauls,
As poor and pious as dissenters.

Quick ! ship them off some queens and kings ;
Some princes, gold-sticks, court-fools, spare them,
Earls, bishops, deans, and all such things,
Send out as long as they will bear them.

No House of Commons there affords,
Like ours, your wonder queer surprises,
To find it just but younger lords
Aping the Commons in disguises.
Lords rule us here by right divine ;
They're ruled, not by the ruling classes,
But by mere men that trade and mine,
Low thinking men, not titled asses.
Quick ! ship them off some queens and kings ;
Some princes, gold-sticks, court-fools, spare them ;
Earls, bishops, deans, and all such things,
Send out as long as they will bear them.

Quick ! quick ! these quickly must be sent,
Or, far too bad for us to cure them,
Without our blessings quite content,
They may refuse, friends, to endure them.
Quick ! weigh them down with all our weights,
Our old-world fooleries, or, I know, to
Still freer Englands—mightier states—
Some new Americas, they'll grow, too.
Then ship them off some queens and kings ;
Some princes, gold-sticks, court-fools, spare them,
Earls, bishops, deans, and all such things,
Quick ! or I'm fearful they won't bear them.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE THE EARL OF——.

AN HUMBLE EPISTLE TOUCHING SCORN OF LOW BIRTH.

YES, I am one for your contempt,
Your lordly scoffing born,
By blood, the heir of your proud sneers,
My birthright, lord, your scorn ;
Fate doomed not my ancestral blood
Through noble veins to flow ;
My fathers, lord, were honest men ;
I'm low, my lord, I'm low.

No—no—my lineage cannot mount
To one who slew his way
From beggary to cursed rule
On Hastings' murderous day ;
No feudal plunderings—Norman wrongs
My race's records show ;
My fathers only fought for rights ;
I'm low, my lord, I'm low.

I boast no scoundrel ancestry
Like those your grace's pride,
King's favourites—honest men's disdain,
At courts, who fawned and lied ;
No diplomatic cheat can I,
My race's glory, show ;
My fathers knew not how to lie ;
I'm low, my lord, I'm low.

No unearned heritage I own
Of park and ancient hall;
My hard-won wages, lord, alone,
My own of wealth, I call;
I cannot claim the bought respect
That want to wealth must show;
I am but honoured for my worth;
I'm low, my lord, I'm low.

Of honest men I'm not the scorn;
I never, lord, have striven
To prostitute to my own gain
Power by the nation given;
The records of my life, my lord,
No corn-tax votes can show;
My luxury never starved the poor;
I'm low, my lord, I'm low.

No lackey dogs me with respect
That, paid for, I'd disdain;
For fawning menials at my heels
Men look, my lord, in vain;
Of human forms thank heaven not one
My livery's shame can show;
My pride in man's contempt garbs none;
I'm low, my lord, I'm low.

And yet, my lord, though strange it be,
I, whom you high deride,
Your scoff—your scorn—your social drudge,
I too, lord, have my pride;
Yes—proud of some things too, dare I
Front pride with pride—ay, though,
With nought that makes you nobles high,
I'm low, my lord, I'm low.

I'm proud that with undoubting trust
My word all men can take ;
That woman's heart I never won,
Won, villain-like, to break ;
That, upright, spite of poverty
To no man aught I owe ;
That duns and debts are yours, not mine,
Though I, my lord, am low.

I'm proud in honest labour, lord,
My useful days go by,
That no white, weak, unhornèd hand,
No silken palm have I,
That for the right I've ever stood,
As far as right I know ;
Nor urged a wrong for private gain,
Though I, my lord, am low.

These things are poor in your esteem,
And yet I rank them more
In mine—ay, than the proudest name
That Norman blood e'er bore,
Nor would I, for your worthlessness
My scorned worth barter, though
Ten times your vaunted rank I won,
Though I, my lord, am low.

No, keep your pure—your Norman blood,
Your coronetted shame,
Light weigh a hundred coats of arms
Against an honest name ;
Despite your scoffs—despite your scorn,
Poor worth I've learned to know
May well look down on titled shame—
Ay, though, my lord, 'tis low.

THE WHIG'S BELIEF.

I DO believe for Whigs alone that government was made,
That to live in place, in clover, was intended for their trade,
That to rule the roast is quite their right, which cannot be
gainsaid,

And never yet was doubted by a Whig, Sirs, a Whig—

No—never yet was doubted by a Whig.

I do believe in everything my Lord John can believe,
And always my opinions, Sirs, and pay from him receive,
And am for ever for or 'gainst all things as I've his leave,
As always is the duty of a Whig, Sirs, a Whig—

Yes—always is the duty of a Whig.

I do believe in all things at all times believed by Greys,
Whether, out, Sirs, for Colonial rights their clamourings they
raise,

Or, in, deny the very things they stormed for in old days,

For to doubt them never yet was in a Whig, Sirs, a Whig—

No—to doubt them never yet was in a Whig.

I do believe “finality”—but hold it a disgrace,
If I've to choose between it and the loss of pay and place,
Not to creep as far as creep I must—for that, Sirs, is a case
That never raised a doubt yet in a Whig, Sirs, a Whig—

No—never raised a doubt yet in a Whig.

Out—I believe retrenchment right—as then my speeches
show—

But—in—its very mention sets my anger in a glow—
For friends and younger brothers, why, we must provide, you
know,

Which never yet was doubted by a Whig, Sirs, a Whig—
No—never yet was doubted by a Whig.

Agitation, Sirs, I do believe is proper quite and right
When the people, Sirs, from rule and pay the Tories out would
fright,

But turned against ourselves it's, Sirs, abhorrent to my
sight—

Nothing can be more abhorrent to a Whig, Sirs, a Whig—
Nothing can be more abhorrent to a Whig.

I do believe such proper rights the people ought to win,
As make the Houses safely ours and always keep us in,
But farther, Sirs, than this to go is anarchy and sin,
And never can be sanctioned by a Whig, Sirs, a Whig—
No—never can be sanctioned by a Whig.

In short I always will believe—believe with all my might,
That all but Whigs are always wrong and none but Whigs are
right—

That Whigs alone should office hold—of that I'm certain
quite—

For this was never doubted by a Whig, Sirs, a Whig—
No—this was never doubted by a Whig.

THE SQUIRE'S LAMENT.

THESE times—let knaves and radicals delight in them—I
sing
The good old times—the golden days when George the Third
was king—

When change was never talked about except by Whigs for
place,

When not a radical dared show 'mongst gentlemen his face,
When "our glorious constitution" was not a butt for wit,
But was toasted, without asking what it was, with "Pilot"

Pitt;

To see how Tories ruled the roast was then a happy sight,
Then gentlemen were sure of place and everything was right,
But place or pension, now, alas! we're sure of no such thing,
As we were in the good old times when George the Third was
king.

When demagogues then preached reform and all their horrid
stuff

To call them thieves and Jacobins was answer held enough;
No honest country gentleman had need to task in vain,
For arguments that would't come, to prove them wrong, his
brain;

Oh! those were blessed times—the jail, the pillory, the fine
Proved Bishops all as pure as Paul—the Tory rule divine;

No "Times" with awful leaders then our party thundered
down,
No "Punch" then made us, week by week, the laugh of
every clown,
Ah fools of title now from all no old respect can wring!
Ah, good old times, it was not so when George the Third was
king!

Then every one who reverently believed in William Pitt
Could find, no matter, brains or none, some place his wants
to fit;

Ah happy times for needy friends—for every younger son!
The Church—the Army—India had room for every one;
No talented plebeian then above our heads was thrust;
One's rank and not one's fitness secured one place and
trust;

Ah, cursed fate—ah woeful times—if now a fool's preferred
There's nought but squibs and horrid truths and jests unplea-
sant heard:

Alas, to gain an office now one must some fitness bring,
Ah, happy times, it was not so when George the Third was
king!

What does one gain by talking now of altar and of king?
If one now cry "No Popery!" alas! what will it bring?
Ah, Protestant and placeman still in those good times were
one,

And he who deepest damn'd the Pope, the best promotion
won.

Fierce bigot hate, in those good times, met favor, not
disgrace;

Dissent was then a blessed bar across the path to place.
It's almost now enough to make a man his Church forswear,
To see how Papists gain the loaves and fishes everywhere;

To see them get what we so want, a Churchman's heart must
wring,
Ah! Popery and want were one when George the Third was
king.

Alas, alas! for titled fools where is the old respect?
Now knaves, alas! however high, no reverence must expect;
Coats-of-arms are at a discount, and Norman blood's the
scorn
Of men who work—low men who but to drudge for us were
born;
Instead of being bowed to as the porcelain of earth,
One now is forced, at least, to show some mind and moral
worth;
Mechanics' Institutions are up in every town;
On hustings and at vestries mere tradesmen talk us down;
Ah! we'd no need of character and sense and all that thing
When Tory votes and rank were all—when George the Third
was king.

And still, as year goes after year, we're shoulder'd to the
wall,
Till scarce a single good abuse we now our own can call;
Emancipated Catholics—the Test Acts all laid low—
Our snug old pocket Boroughs all struck from us at a
blow—
And last and worst—ah worst of all—the blessed Corn Laws,
meant
To swell from others' earnings our rent-rolls, from us rent,
And pensions too and sinecures their fate will be the same,
And men they wont allow us long to rate below our game;
Ah poachers by the thousand we sent to jail, nor heard
A word about their ruin in the days of George the Third.

The devil take immortal Boz and Jerrold too to boot,
Who make us think the poorest man a brother, not a brute ;
A plague on Colonel Thompsons, on Cobdens and on Brights,
On Foxes and on Elliotts who prate of poor men's rights ;
Your Howitts and your Martineaus—a pest on all, I say,
Who preach to rank its duties in their unpleasant way ;
Alas, alas! *The Quarterly* and Croker and abuse
That put such down in good old times are now of little use,
And good will on, in spite of us, and mind and all that thing,
Ah, good old times, it was not so when George the Third was
king.

1840.

NEW VOICES FROM THE CROWD.

1.

OF AMERICA.

TO CHARLES MACKAY,

"Times" Correspondent from New York.

I PRAISE your Jackson and your South!
No, I've no taste at all that way;
Those words are not sweet in my mouth,
Though dear they are to some, you say;
A trick of speech I've somehow caught
From Wilberforce's—Clarkson's graves;
I can't hate freedom as I ought,
Or love your barterers of slaves;
In fact, if I the truth must tell,
I think your Jackson and his crew,
Accurst of God, are tools of hell,
Though they may fight and conquer too.

Time was when nobly England rose,
And grandly told Earth of man's rights;
Slavery and wrong, her ancient foes,
In these, you say, she now delights.

Her voice that once so sternly spoke,
And, speaking, smote slaves' fetters off,
That antique utterance is your joke,
A grand-dame's tale, at which you scoff.
Your *Times* has taught us what to say,
That years must change and so must thought;
Jackson's your Cromwell of to-day;
Ah! our's for rights, not fetters, fought.

Clasp you the hands that wield the whip!
Press you the palms that rivet chains!
My curse will through my clenched teeth slip,
I'd brand your heroes all as Cains.
For cotton, and through envy, sell
Your nobler notions if you can;
I will not, and I hold it well,
I loathe these men who deal in man.
Scoff, sneer, or jest; let him who likes,
Prate of their courage and their worth;
Right, and not Might, my fancy strikes,
Though Might, not Right, should rule the earth.

At times, God, for His own good will,
Gives hell, o'er men and nations, rule,
But Right, though crush'd, I hold Right still,
Though worldly-wise ones call me—fool.
Brute force has Cossack'd nations down,
Yet Cossacks I do not adore;
Than Poland's Bashkirs—nay, don't frown,
I do not love your Jacksons more.
No! Cavaliers that, women, sell,
To their great nobleness, I'm blind;
Heroes who cash their children—well,
They're not exactly to my mind.

One's flesh and blood, you know, are, here,
Dear to one, not as current gold;
I would not be a Cavalier,
By whom his son or daughter's sold;
Curse those who sell their blood to lust,
Their very flesh to stripes and toil;
I spit at such—the thought, I trust,
Of such should make my blood to boil.
The very meanest thing I see,
A cringing beggar whining here,
Rather, a thousand times, I'd be,
Than a girl-selling Cavalier.

God wills and darkly works His will,
His wisdom's hidden from our eyes,
Yet my faith rests upon Him still;
To judge and scourge, He will arise.
Wrong seems to conquer often; Right
Seems to be conquered; watch and wait!
The years bring seeing to our sight;
Truth's triumph cometh, soon or late.
Therefore success I seem to see,
Makes me not, in the evil, trust,
Nor seems its triumph sure to me,
Rather its failure. God is just.

2.

NATIONAL SONGS,

*Rewritten for the South and English Southerners,**By C——s M——Y.*

I.

RULE BRITANNIA!

WHEN Davis first, at hell's commands,
Dug, for a million, bloody graves,
This was the charter of his land,
And women-whippers sung the staves;
Rule, son-sellers,
Whoever at you raves,
Southerners ever, ever will have slaves.

The nations not so blest as we,
Must sell their daughters not at all,
Breeder of selling babes to be
To any beasts to whom they fall;
Rule, girl-sellers,
Whoever at you raves,
Southerners ever, ever will whip slaves.

Still more atrocious will we rise,
The more, all justice, we defy,
The more, black souls, we brutalise,
And call all right, and God, a lie;
Rule, Jeff Davis,
Whoever at you raves,
Southerners ever, ever will burn slaves.

Us, God nor man shall ever shame ;
All their attempts to put chains down,
Shall make us think man-hunting fame,
And hold wife-lashing our renown.
Rule, wife-whippers,
Whoever at you raves,
Southerners ever, ever will whip slaves.

To us belongs the right to burn
The man who dares, a man, to be,
The man who dares our chains to spurn,
And be, as God would have him—free.
Rule, girl-whippers,
Whoever at you raves,
Southerners ever, ever will lash slaves.

All vices still with slavery found,
Shall to our cursèd homes repair ;
Lust, cruelty, shall there abound,
Torture and murder shall be there.
Rule, child-sellers,
Whoever at you raves,
Southerners ever, ever will breed slaves.

And while both heaven and earth abhor
Our new-born rule that shames the day,
We'll boast, of all they hate, the more,
And women's backs their taunts shall pay.
Rule, girl-whippers,
Whoever at you raves,
Southerners ever, ever will have slaves.

II.

SCOTS WHA HA'E.

DAVIS'S ADDRESS.

MEN who have your daughters sold,
Men whose sons have brought you gold,
For your trade in flesh be bold!
On for chains and slavery!

Now's the day and now's the hour,
See the front of battle lour,
See approach curst freedom's power!
Down with all but Slavery!

Who'd not be a Southern knave?
Who'd not fill a traitor's grave?
Who'd not own and lash a slave?
Yankee! let him turn and flee!

Who, for hell, our rights and law,
Slavery's sword, will strongly draw?
Woman-whipper, stand or fa',
Brother, let him on with me!

By oppression's woes and pains,
By our sons in servile chains,
We will drain our dearest veins,
But they shan't—they shan't be free!

Lay the vile men-freers low!
Freemen fall in every foe,
Slavery's in every blow.
Forward! let us do, or die!

Roebuck hugs us to his heart!
Tories long to take our part!
Well their Clarkson's ghost may start!
 Wilberforce must howl on high!

All the thrice-curst crew who rant,
Freedom's friends, no longer cant:
Cotton—free-trade's all they want;
 That, and up with Slavery!

On!—that millions yet may groan!
Build your state on wrongs alone!
Slavery's its corner-stone!
 On! "Our Chains!" our battle-cry.

3.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE W. E. GLADSTONE.

"And, more, they have made a nation!"
THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, *at Liverpool.*

AND so "they've made a nation";—well,
Have you no more than this to say?
Satan once made the State of Hell,
As Lee has made a State to-day.
Both nations—Lucifer's and Lee's—
Dare blaspheme God with wrong for right—
And this an English statesman sees,
And chuckles at with strange delight.

When Hell was founded, Belial then
Spoke of that new event, no doubt,
To devils, as you speak to men
Of this, and scatter'd praise about—
Admired their leaders' daring—told
Of how defiantly they'd trod
The battle-fields of heaven—how bold
They'd hurl'd their ranks 'gainst right and God!

Hell cheer'd his words; it welcomes yours,
Not we; we hear, with pitying scorn,
That English hate of wrong endures
Not still in all of England born;
That in the land whose very air
Is freedom—on the English graves
Of Clarkson, Wilberforce—you dare
To coolly speak of chains and slaves.

Fling off this vileness, born of fear
Of the great offshoot of our race!
Tread down the envy rankling here!
Leave baseness, Gladstone, to the base!
To truth, to freedom, only true,
Be you God's soldier in this fight;
For tones like Burke's we look to you,
For Fox's thunder for the right.

Not for to-day, O statesman, speak!
Not for to-morrow, but all time!
Wrong's triumph 's but short-lived and weak;
Right's is eternal and sublime;
Bend you, O strong one of this hour,
The heathen bonds, your soul, that bind!
Than party praise and fleeting power,
Far nobler gods, for worship, find!

I ask this for yourself—your land—
The future's and the people's sake;
The people, for the right, who stand,
Whatever side you statesmen take.
For, mark, if baseness stir the high,
From envy sprung, or coward fear,
Their voice will pass us idly by—
The voice of God alone we'll hear.

Yes—that shall lead us. Stand aside,
Noble alone in birth and name!
Noble in heart, the people guide!
We, as we were, we are the same.
Though the high places of the land
Vileness and coward hate may fill,
The people but for right will stand,
For freedom and God's justice still.

4.

ABOUT THAT SAD DOG, TEAR'EM.

O SHEFFIELD! your watch-dog! we're sorely perplex'd
By this Tear'em of yours—for the cur—who is able
The palace to name, he will sneak into next,
Cringing in to get notice or scraps from the table!

The turnspit's been surly as long as we've known him,
Too given to snarling—no one can deny it;
But then he snapp'd at thieves for those who would own him,
Not for thieves as now; come, what does he get by it?

He seem'd too ill-temper'd by far to be bought;
When kings wouldn't coax him he snarl'd because slighted;
To lick, with a liking, their boots, now he's brought;
He's talk'd to a despot,—he's, oh, so delighted!

You see now his honesty was but bow-wow;
Kick out the vile cur to the Emperors he's proud of;
A kennel and scraps to him perhaps they'll allow,
These tyrants whose greatness he's so basely loud of.

Don't let him yelp here!—To his Austria send him,
To howl down Hungarians, and all wanting freedom,
Or to his "Great Ruler," in Paris there, lend him;
His snarls are for loan to all despots that need 'em.

And if now my wish you would have, what on earth
Can it be, friends, but this, if his doom it were carving?
May the tyrants he loves so, soon learn what he's worth,
And give him but that, and so let him yelp starving.

5.

MY TEMPTATION.

Not by Charles Mackay, "Times" Correspondent from America.

"COME—come—you'll abuse all you've sung you hold dear,
For a place on "The Times" and a thousand a year;
'Tis'nt only the money;—remember your rhymes:
You've pudding and praise, if you're one of 'The Times.'"
The Devil—the offer came straight from his mouth—
Here began to talk articles lauding the South,
"Lee might have lash'd girls raw and rubb'd them with salt,
But, in such a general, was that a fault!
Daughter-breeding, for selling, he own'd perhaps was wrong;
But blacks, were they whites? he had doubted it long;
We'd better be friends for the future; these rhymes
About freedom don't pay like the South and 'The Times.'"

I didn't reply, so he seemed to expect
I should close with the offer I didn't reject;
Mackay's songs about progress he certainly thought
Made me hesitate still, so against that he fought;
"'Tush! blacks were not men; no—he was not of those
Who thought them so; such whims were Mackay's and
Stowe's;
He was sick of jet victims in novels and songs;
Pah! negroes were nauseous—their rights and their wrongs;
And men wrote so strongly 'gainst wrong and for right,
Such hate of oppressors was horrible—quite!
You're not such a fool as to let Mackay's rhymes
Cost you the nice standing you'll gain on "The Times."

"Then think, too, what subjects you'll have if you choose
The South for your side, which, a Yankee, you'll lose!
Charles bored him on Freedom—was really too bad;
He plainly on that was, or wish'd to seem, mad;
He'd worn freedom threadbare for rhyming on; sure
Poor whites shouldn't have more such songs to endure;
Then take for my heroes the men of the South,
Their Jacksons and such, now in every one's mouth!
For freedom to sell their own daughters to lust,
See how their great land these had struck to the dust!
These thrashers of blacks and whites—how well in rhymes
They would look! how to praise them would pay in "The
Times."

Perhaps mere religion might seem in the way?
He, the Devil, on that, too, had plenty to say;
Colenso might hold he was wrong, but he thought
The Bible taught this—could he doubt what it taught!
That the Jews having slaves some few thousand years since,
At slave-auctions now it was awful to wince.
Slave-branding—slave-parting—slave-hunting—could this,
If your faith in your Bible was sound, come amiss?
He was not a doubter (the father of lies
Like Mawworm, here showed but the whites of his eyes)
In fact, if your faith with the South's and hell's chimes,
As a Christian, slave-burning you'll praise in "The Times."

Our Mackay in sufferance of such faith would fail;
At slave-lashing preachers who preached this, he'd rail;
But in Mackay's sentiment (was he unjust?)
He would dare hint a doubt he had not too much trust.
Our Charles might be singing for self-love and pelf;
His love for man might mean but love of himself.

He hoped he'd excuse him, he couldn't quite tell
If his songs were his feelings or things meant to sell.
"If canting will pay (sneered the Devil) I want
Discernment at times to know truly who cant;
But you now,—this offer—don't think of his rhymes;
Your singer—he'll sell himself perhaps to "The Times."

"And you won't be bought, then? you haven't the sense
To barter your soul for position and pence?
I thought you were wiser—this poetry schools
Those who might thrive basely to right-loving fools.
Look—here all at once, all you wish you might win,
And, heavens! you won't take it because it is sin!
Thank goodness! (now, when he waxed pious, I knew
There was something most rascally crawling to view),
There are some far too wise to thrust fortune away,
Some who've nothing they won't sell at once if 'twill pay;
Your songster I'll show you the worth of his rhymes;
He'll write as I like for the cash of "The Times."

"And now for the news; ah, you see I am right!
This is Mackay's own prose;—this is Mackay's delight;
Look here, in his letter, how well he has earnt
His pay by his joy that New York's partly burnt;
All its thieves and its cut-throats are up for his side;
At murder and arson, his joy he won't hide;
How he warms to the blackguards, the South's and his friends!
Fire—slaughter are right, if they work "The Times'" ends,
And all he regrets is, that, to his desire,
There's not enough murder, and not further fire;
But one thing consoles him; his joy he can't strive
To conceal it, they've roasted some negroes alive!
Who can doubt that such brutes love your South, man of
rhymes?"
Satan sneers, as he reads Mackay's last in "The Times."

6.

STAND FAST!

AN ENGLISH APPEAL TO FREEDOM'S FRIENDS IN AMERICA.

O BROTHER freemen o'er the sea,
Our English pride—our boast,
You whom, when here we name the free,
We love and honour most,
To-day with eager ears and hearts,
With natures strangely stirr'd,
We hush to hear what from your marts,
Your homesteads, shall be heard.

To-day the war of hell and heaven
Is waged by each of you;
To-day to each of you 'tis given,
To either to be true;
Our English hearts well may we still,
While we this issue bide;
God's hopes and our's will you fulfil,
Or blench from freedom's side?

In many a cause it well may be
Good men their way may miss;
But right and justice now can see
No way but one in this;
Here is no room for paltering doubts;
Each soul must, to its cost,
Weigh well the doom that conscience shouts,
Who wavers here, is lost.

Guides of the present—hopes of earth,
The nations look to you,
Even as their freedom springs to birth,
To learn what freemen do.
Show them, by all that is your fame,
By your free fathers' graves,
Their sons this hour dare not the shame
Of faster fettering slaves.

Those fathers left their homes—their land,
The sea—the desert trod,
Because for conscience they must stand,
Must live or die with God.
And you—of you shall it be said,
When of you men shall tell,
“We name them not—they basely fled
From heaven to side with hell.”

Draw not one foot back in this strife;
To you is God's voice dumb?
On you depends the more than life
Or death of all to come.
Let the South rage,—the Devil plead
For mercy; men be ye!
But God—but right—but conscience heed,
And stamp the future free!

GIVE BACK HIS SLAVE?

AN ENGLISH ANSWER TO THE MISSOURI SLAVE-OWNER WHO
DEMANDS THE BLACK, ANDERSON, FROM CANADA.

HUSH! open wide your ears, I say,
All you who boast of English blood!
One of your race stands here to-day,
A suitor;—shall he be withstood?
One, freer than yourselves, is here
To twit you with “his rights of man;”
He wants his own,—his claim is clear;
Refuse him justice if you can.
What asks he there across the wave?
But this, that you’ll give back his slave;
He only asks that you’ll re-chain
The freeman whom your rights made free,
Who knew, mongst you, that he’d remain
The man his God made him to be.

No word of all your British stuff,
Your air makes men even of the black.
His owner claims this thing—enough,
Give back his chattel, give it back;
What if you know it has a soul
To madden, and a back to lash,
This Christian knows both black as coal,
Both made for torturing; cease your trash!

Hark to him there across the wave,
"To hang—to burn—I'll have my slave ;
What are your talked-of rights to me ?
What is't to me your shield is thrown
Around this wretch ? You make him free ?
Re-fetter him ! I'll have my own."

His hand's not black, his hand is red,
Red with his blood, who, on his track,
As from his hell of chains he fled,
Stretch'd, to that hell, to seize him back.
Murderer ? he dared, like those who made
Their Bunker's Hill their boast to-day,
When freedom against life was weigh'd,
The enslaver, as God bade, to slay.
You who of Garibaldi rave,
And howl at Bourbons, chain this slave !
His right arm struck the self-same blows
Italian bondsmen dealt of late ;
With them, he's one of slavery's foes ;
Give him to worse than Bomba's hate !

O God ! that we—we here to-day,
This very hour in England, can
Be asked to scan our laws, and weigh
This Devil's right—this claim to man !
Talk not of laws ; who does not know
No slave, a slave, can tread our soil !
No, no, we have not fallen so low,
This does not make our blood to boil ;
Of rights our nature scouts, he raves ;
Spit at the man ! we chain his slaves ?

No, be our name the whole world's scorn,—
Slave-torturers' lashes seam each back,
Man's, woman's, child's, amongst us born,
If we to chains give this man back.

And can a treaty bid us dare
To act this sin to man and God ?
If so, the accursèd writing tear,
Beneath our feet its shreds be trod !
No man-made laws, in this, shall bind
Our Christian souls hell's work to do ;
The Devil and his tools shall find,
In this, to God alone, we're true.
Not in our judges' breath shall live
The answer that to-day we give ;
For me, whatever come, I say,
If laws command us, " Let him go !"
God's will, not man's, I will obey ;
Give back his slave ? We thunder " No."

1861.

TO OUR BROTHERS IN AMERICA TALKING
OF WAR WITH US.

YES, yes ; we sent our armies forth
And dared to think war right, 'tis true ;
But that was, brothers, 'gainst the North,
The despots' stay, not such as you ;
Yet then we clung to peace, how long !
And almost truckled to the Czar,
And almost own'd the right the wrong,
Rather than curse the world with war.
Now shall we play the despots' game ?
Oh, let this senseless wrangling cease !
In blood, in rights, in tongue, the same,
We talk of war ! Peace, madmen, peace !

Too much of war, before to-day,
Of mutual hate and loss we've had
That losing game again to play :
Oh, brothers, no, we're not so mad.
Shoulder to shoulder, you and we,
Twin boasts of liberty should stand,
The strength, the vanguard of the free,
The help of every fetter'd land.
And shall we play the despots' game ?
Oh, let this senseless wrangling cease !
In blood, in rights, in tongue, the same,
We talk of war ! Peace, madmen, peace !

What would the tyrants of the earth,
From German Prince to Russian Czar,
Think you, think such a struggle worth,
Where Freedom slew herself with War!
How would they laugh! full sure of this,
When every deadly blow was dealt,
Whoe'er it struck it could not miss
To be too well by freedom felt.
What! we—we play the despots' game!
Oh, let this senseless wrangling cease!
In blood, in rights, in tongue, the same,
We talk of war! Peace, madmen, peace!

Too strong are you, by far, to need
To bluster of your power, and boast;
Too mighty we to care to heed
Taunts that but gall the weakest most.
History our gain from war can tell;
Yours too shall she in vain rehearse?
Let one begin this work of hell,
How soon we both that work shall curse!
What! shall we play the despots' game?
Oh, let this senseless wrangling cease!
In blood, in rights, in tongue, the same,
We talk of war! Peace, madmen, peace!

Why should I fear some fools—how few
Will goad us on with this poor fuss?
Their devil's work you will not do;
Their work shall not be done by us.
Your pride in us, we know, is such,
These fools' poor spite we need not fear;
And, friends, we glory far too much
In you, to dare to hate you here.

What! we—we play the despots' game?
Oh! let this senseless wrangling cease!
In blood, in rights, in tongue, the same,
We talk of war! Peace, madmen, peace!

O mighty freemen of the West!
O mightier, greater, yet to be!
He who from you for us would wrest
One right of yours, accurst be he!
You owe us much: how great your debt,
To you it need be told by none;
And curst be they who would forget
The ties that make both nations one.
What! we—we play the despots' game?
Oh, let this senseless wrangling cease!
In blood, in rights, in tongue, the same,
We talk of war! Peace, madmen, peace!

Oh, shall mere trifles such as these,
For such a crime afford pretence!
To let this frenzy on us seize,
For such things, shows us void of sense.
No, leave them to some friend's award:
What if we lose? 'twere better far
Than if we won them by the sword—
The cursèd wickedness of war.
We will not play the despots' game;
Oh, let this senseless wrangling cease!
In blood, in rights, in tongue, the same,
We talk of war! Peace, madmen, peace!

"THESE NEGROPHILISTS."

"*The Times*."

NEGROPHILIST! Yes; like your Clarkson and all
Whom you used so to boast of, but now dare not name,
Your old love of freedom I dare to recall,
Your new love of slavery I brand with its shame.
What you were—what to be was all Englishmen's pride,
When you loathed so slave-breeders, the whip and the chain—
That I am still. Change you! I am still on right's side,
And on right's side be sure that I still will remain.

Negrophilist! Yes; does right vary with years?
Is Justice a weathercock thing like your *Times*?
Christ's faith, which is right from the pulpit, appears
Offensive, it seems, as it rings from my rhymes?
"What ye do to the wronged ye do so unto me,"
That the Blessèd One said? and in this holy strife
With these dealers in bodies and souls there can be,
For me, but one side while I've speech and I've life.

Negrophilist! Yes; may my heart cease to beat
When I call not men-auctions sights fittest for hell—
When the wail of lashed women my scared ear can meet,
And my boiling blood ceases its horror to tell;
When the rending of wife, child, and husband apart,
When the selling of daughters to torture, and lust
Makes my tongue not to utter the fire of my heart,
That tongue must be voiceless, that heart must be dust.

Negrophilist! Yes; look! Wrong's homage to right,
 Sin's shame of it's sinning, in that word I see,
 The cowering of baseness that shrinks from the sight,
 And fears we should know what its utterance can be.
 Love of freedom must be shown thick-veiled to our eyes
 When pilloried for scoffing; for, if but seen clear,
 Who knows more than they, for their slanders too wise,
 As of old, all would hold it but blessed and dear.

Negrophilist! Yes; call me that while I live,
 And, if you my virtues beyond life would save,
 To the stone that lies o'er me that one word but give,
 To show that in that I was fit for the grave.
 Believe me, my deathbed will not be made drear
 By the thought that I've earned well that epithet's scorn;
 And the night of the future I fade to from here
 Will be brightened by knowing its glory I've borne.

THE COMING COMET.

A REVERIE.

OH, friends, with news how strange and dire,
Perplexing quite, all Europe's humming!
Next Wednesday week the Thames takes fire!
Our planet's doomed—the Comet's coming!
There's no mistake; the day was fixed
By Prophet Cumming—poz!—last Sunday,
Though Prophet Spurgeon somewhat mixed
Our fear with hope we'd last till Monday.

Wednesday or Monday is the day;
You see, five days they differ merely;
But if we're to be broiled away,
Or go to smash, they don't state clearly;
The net result, you see, 's the same,
If these two Balaams both don't blunder?
And, smash or smoulder, crash or flame,
The event can't fail to wake our wonder.

Just think, friends, what a curious lot
Of things this Comet puts an end to;
Poor China—opium, bibles, shot
And Missions, we shall cease to send to;
Rowland and Holloway—at last,
Sic transit, of them no puff preaches;
Pills and Kalydor will have passed
With chaff-machines and Dizzy's speeches.

Pickpockets, lawyers, Strahans and Pauls,
Swell-mobsmen, bishops, bank-directors;
Gone railway boards and railway calls,
Gone will be thieves and thief-detectors;
Gone, Churchmen, with their dread of wealth,
That dross each pious grasp so handles,
And rich men's care for poor souls' health,
And Pusey's love for Roman candles.

All go—the *Lily* and the *Bee*,
The *Herald*—the Caucasian Mystery,
And Derby's fears of trade too free,
And Alison's assaults on history;
Fun, farces, mountebanks must cease,
Barnums, Ralph Osbornes—all who heed 'em—
With Palmerston's desire for peace,
And Yankees' love for slaves and freedom.

Swept into limbo by its tail,
What schemes it's coming puts a stop to;
Pam's longings for Reform must fail,
Russia her cares for Europe drop too.
Confounded Comet! that confounds
The plans May meetings have concerted,
By which, for forty thousand pounds,
Two Jews next year might be converted.

And those who butcher books and men
From further crimes will win salvation;
Critics and Doves and Palmers then
Will cease to practise their vocation;
Napoleonic *coup-d'états*
No more will quite delight our Tories;
Gone will be Greenacres and Czars,
Housebreakers' feats and Emperors' glories.

Ah! could we but choose what should go,
And what be left, 'twould hardly grieve us:
What it should burn off, well we know;
And well we know what it should leave us.
Red tape and rubbish everywhere,
And almost all our Lords might go, Sirs,
Sharks, snakes, and despots we could spare,
Quacks and adulterating grocers.

Gnats, Deans and Canons, leeches, rats,
Sloths, aldermen, all useless creatures,
All crinoline and ugly hats
And women with pre-Raphael features;
Jew lawyers, alligators, fleas,
Monks, barrel-organs, mutes and hearses;
From tax-collectors we'd have ease,
And poets who will read their verses!

Charles Keans, drums, vixens,—all high art
That only critics can unravel;
All infant prodigies, a part
Of all these books of Eastern travel;
Nine-tenths of all who write and print;
Four-fifths of all the novels written;
Strong-minded women—all who squint;
And wan-faced youths who're genius-bitten.

What more? To tell you every sort
Of nuisance too much time engages,
Seeing our time's so passing short,
And I've already filled three pages;
But while you scorch off what you will,
Oh, leave us Punch, thou fiery Mystery,
Our Laureate and our Motley still,
To gives us jokes and rhymes and history.

FOR POLAND.

SHE lives—she lives; pour out my heart,
O Song, thou hast been silent long!
To arms again her legions start!
Strike with them, O my soul, in song!
Hark! To the clash of her fierce blows
My voice an answering echo gives,
And swells the cry that tells her foes
That freemen know she lives—she lives!

They slew—they laid her in the tomb;
Upon its mouth the stone they roll'd;
They shared her garments; loud her doom,
Unto the shuddering earth, they told;
Fools! on her dawns another day;
The voice of angels to us gives
Our joy, "The Lord has roll'd away
"The stone!" exult! she lives—she lives!

The new Prometheus of our day,
Her heart the savage eagle rends;
Torture it can—it cannot slay;
And now her hour of torture ends;
God in His time hath heard her cries;
God to her hand His vengeance gives;
To smite and spare not, see her rise!
O earth exult! she lives—she lives!

O England! bulwark of the free!
Or freemen's homes or freemen's graves
This hour gives to her; unto thee
She calls; thy thunder rolls and saves;
Thy voice to curb the tyrant's strong
Thy frown to slaves their freedom gives;
Shall all thou hast to her belong?
O shall she bless thee that she lives?

Or shall she die? O help her, heaven!
O help her, all ye lands of earth,
Who for your own free rights have striven,
And know what freemen's rights are worth!
The night of chains, or freedom's day,
This hour of shame or glory gives!
O mother land arise and say
Poland shall live as England lives!

Lo, Italy is free! France hurl'd
Her ranks across her bloody plains;
A new-born nation trod the world,
And forged to arms her shattered chains!
We owe a free land to the earth;
Fitly such gifts our freedom gives;
Ours be new Poland's glorious birth,
The nobler future that she lives!

1863.

TO ARMS! TO ARMS!

THE cry be "War!" Who talks of peace?
Be scorn and pity on his name,
Who strikes not with us, to release
His hearth from dread—his land from shame!
From spire to spire the shout be caught!
Toll back fierce peals of wild alarms!
What ho! a battle must be fought!
Up, all men, up! to arms—to arms!

Ha! where's the foe? And do you ask?
O blind and foolish! O thrice blind!
Awake! arise! not hard the task
A host in every street to find.
Hark! hear their murmurs! How my thought
Their mutter'd wrath—their hate alarms!
What ho! a battle must be fought!
Up, all men, up! to arms—to arms!

In brutish ignorance, squalid want,
In savage filth, in godless crime,
In cursings that for vengeance pant,
And hate and hate, and bide their time,
We front a host that scares my thought
With boding fears and wild alarms.
What ho! a battle must be fought!
Up, all men, up! to arms—to arms!

Woe to the land whose cry is "Peace"
When peace's hour is gone and past;
Woe! woe! In storm and wreck shall cease
The doting dreams that could not last.
"Too late—too late!" my trembling thought,
That oft-heard cry, with dread, alarms.
What ho! a battle must be fought!
Up, all men, up! to arms—to arms!

Up, all men! to the true men's ranks,
To do the work that must be done;
To earn the eternal future's thanks;
Of all our ills, to leave not one;
Crime, ignorance, want, despair, no thought
Of sloth, while one our age alarms.
What ho! a battle must be fought!
Up, all men, up! to arms—to arms!

ON FRANCE'S THREATENED LEAGUE WITH THE
SOUTH.

FRENCHMEN, what wonder to us can it be,
White slaves yourselves, you'd not have black ones free,

MY POLITICS.

May 1st, 1851.

I AM not given to praising thrones,
Except when thrones deserve my praise ;
My muse, most low acquaintance owns,
To lowly themes, her song will raise ;
Yet when a ruler 's greatly good,
And does what rulers seldom do,
Good faith ! I'd have it understood,
I'm just as loyal, friends, as you.

If vice, good sirs, sat throned above,
To vice, my reverence I'd refuse ;
But, virtue crown'd, I gladly love ;
For that, my pen I gladly use.
I'd blame ?—not I ; you do me wrong ;
I love to praise, in truth I do ;
But give me reason for my song,
I'm just as loyal, friends, as you.

Good faith ! for names I little care,
Unless the titles something mean ;
More freedoms Presidents may dare
To take with laws, than our good Queen ;
In thrice-freed France, 'tis somewhat clear,
Her ruler dares e'en kings out-do ;
With far less freedom there than here,
I'm just as loyal, friends, as you.

No right to meet—a stifled press,
Except it for an Empire cry ;
A despot daily mask'd the less,
For such things, little love have I ;
A false republic is my hate ;
Its verbal rights, our acts out-do :
I tremble in a model state ?
I'm just as loyal, friends, as you.

No !—broaden freedom safely down,
To none who 're fit, your rights deny ;
And who'll not say, God bless the crown—
The people's crown ?—In truth, not I ;
Long live the Queen, who rules so well !
Who will not shout that shout ? But few ;
And mine that hearty cry shall swell ;
I'm just as loyal, friends, as you.

Ay, give us rulers such as ours,
Who worth our honest praising prove,
Who use, for good, their princely powers,
And, onward, help the world to move ;
From courts and ease, who break away,
Like this, our Prince, some work to do,
We want no other rule, I'll say—
I'm just as loyal, friends, as you.

REBECCA'S DAUGHTERS.

A WORD WITH THE LORDS ON THE JEW BILL.

MY Lords, you must remember well,
Unless your memory sadly fails,
The sad disturbance that befell,
Some twenty years since, down in Wales.
Turnpikes, my Lords, produced the row ;
The people didn't like a gate ;
They thought it then, as they do now,
A nuisance to be made to wait ;
An ireful race, they got so bored
With bars and pikemen, that one day
Rebecca's daughters got abroad,
And swept the turnpikes from the way.

You see, the thing a saint might sour ;
No honest man his work could do,
But he must dawdle, hour on hour,
Some precious turnpike to get through.
Waiting, the people cursed and swore,
By day the pikemen were so slow ;
By night, an hour they'd snore and snore,
Ere through they'd let the grumblers go ;
Who wonders, then, men got so bored
With bars and pikemen, that one day
Rebecca's daughters got abroad,
And swept the turnpikes clean away ?

Of course old fogies of that day
 Stood up for pikes—as good things—quite ;
Turnpikes had always stopp'd the way ;
 Why there, that proved that pikes were right.
The people growl'd ? Of course they did ;
 All proper hindrance they condemn ;
They ? Let them do, Sirs, as they're bid ;
 Take pikes away ? Who cares for them !
Each argued like a very lord
 Loud for the nuisance, till one day
They stared. Rebecca was abroad ;
 Zounds ! All the pikes were swept away.

Yes, they were gone ; Lloyd,—Morgan,—Jones,
 One dark night took to shirt and mask,
To leave each pike a heap of stones,
 And break each pikeman's bones, their task.
With pikes and pikemen ill it fared ;
 Soldiers—police—the villains sought ;
For nothing, still themselves they air'd ;
 Pikes still went down : no rogues were caught ;
My Lords, the truncheon and the sword
 Fought hard for old pikes, night and day ;
Until a notion got abroad,
 That turnpikes shouldn't bar the way.

Yes, pikes were wrong ; yes, Jones was right ;
 E'en oldest fogies shook their heads ;
Bad habit that, to mask by night ;
 Best let the people keep their beds.
Why, even your Lordships own'd at last
 Turnpikes no more Welsh roads should bar ;
So pikemen to the dogs were cast,
 And ways were free as now they are ;

And people wonder'd they'd been bored
So long ; yes, people dared to say
" 'Twas well Rebecca came abroad
To sweep those precious pikes away."

You are our pikes and pikemen, Lords ;
Hark, to the people ! " Lord !" they say,
" How strange our house so long affords
To let those noodles stop the way !
They're always making some dull fuss ;
They're always cackling there about
The good of something bad for us ;
The need of keeping things worn out."
I fear, my Lords, I heard a shout ;
My Lords, I fear I heard them say,
" Rebecca, lads, will soon be out ;
Down with that old pike in the way !"

A plague on them ! When we'd get on,
God knows, we get on slow enough !
Always one thing they drone upon,
Go slow and safe, and all that stuff.
And we've to heat ourselves and fume ;
No good thing's let through till we swear
And roar, they shan't our time consume,
Ay, let them stop us if they dare !
But hark, my men, I heard a shout ;
My men, I heard some people say,
" Rebecca, lads, will soon be out ;
Down with that old pike in the way !"

Look, how we had to rage and storm
Before the Catholics got their right !
How these slow coaches stopp'd Reform !
Why,—for the Corn-laws they dared fight !

We're asking justice for the Jews ;
Of course, Lords, up your backs are set ;
Justice ? Not while you dare refuse !
You're pious—shall you that forget ?
Well, well, my men, I heard a shout ;
Yes ! yes ; I heard some voices say,
“ Rebecca, lads, will soon be out ;
And sweep their old pike from our way ! ”

My Lords, in public, Jews you scorn ;
By you, in private, are they scorn'd ?
Think, will your nonsense long be borne ?
Take heed in time ; my Lords, be warn'd.
The people note these things. Be wise,
The people will not always wait.
Why will you tempt a storm to rise,
You'll try to calm, perhaps, too late ?
Indeed, my Lords, I hear a shout ;
My Lords, indeed, the people say,
“ Rebecca, lads, will soon be out ;
She'll sweep that old pike clean away ! ”

Rebecca ! Why, my Lords, just now,
The word has quite an ugly sound !
It smacks of Rothschild, Lords, I vow ;
Would, in the hint, you wisdom found !
We've knock'd too long, Lords, at your bar :
Your Lordships, will you let us through ?
Come, we're in earnest—Lords, we are ;
Be warn'd in time ; let in the Jew.
Quick, to this Bill free way afford ;
My Lords, I hear the people say,
“ Rebecca's daughters are abroad ;
Down with that old pike in our way ! ”

STAND TOGETHER! HOLD TOGETHER!

TO ALL TRUE AMERICANS.

STAND together! hold together!
You are now Earth's awe and wonder;
You are weakness, if you sunder.
Through all time, O answer, whether
You'll not march in glory under
The old banner? Hear it thunder!
"Stand together! hold together!
Peace, my children! stand together!"

Stand together! hold together!
Strong and mighty while united,
Wrongs by you might all be righted.
Hark! your fathers' blood asks whether
Thus their deeds shall be requited?
Hark! their glory cries, affrighted,
"Stand together! hold together!
Peace, our children! stand together!"

Stand together! hold together!
See how despots mock the breaking
Of the power that theirs was shaking,
That made nations ask them whether
They might not their thirst be slaking
With the freedom yours was taking.
"Stand together! hold together!
Close your ranks, and stand together!"

Stand together ! hold together !
All your fathers' hopes deceiving,
Shall you to your sons be leaving
Shame and weakness ? Answer whether
All their future shall be grieving
For this sin there's no retrieving ?
"Stand together ! hold together !
Brothers, rally ! stand together !"

Stand together ! hold together !
In your greatness, England's claiming
Part. Shall men to her be naming
You with scorn ? Oh answer, whether
You must part, your race defaming—
You must sink, your great blood shaming ?
"Stand together ! hold together !
Now and always, stand together !"

Stand together ! hold together !
Who'll be false to those who bore you ?
To the heroes who built for you
Your proud greatness ? Answer whether
All for ever shall abhor you ?
"No," your future thunders for you,
"Stand together ! hold together !
Still you'll stand—you'll hold together !"

1861.

B É R A N G E R.

July 17th, 1857.

HE dead? He, in whose songs,
That France's heart shall hold,
Freedom proclaim'd her wrongs,
Glory her triumphs told?
What he, his country's voice?
He, through whose lips, France chose
To bid her sons rejoice—
To tell to them, her woes?
No! to him, glory gives
A life all mourning wrongs;
Conqueror of Death! he lives
Immortal in his songs.

Joy of the people, long
As France has a grisette,
Paris shall tell in song
Of him and his Lisette;
As long as Frenchmen live
And sorrow and rejoice,
He, to their joys, shall give,
Give to their griefs a voice.
Dead? To him, glory gives
A life all mourning wrongs;
Conqueror of Death, he lives
Immortal in his songs.

To tell the people's wrongs,
To claim the people's rights,
Still lives he in his songs,
Still in their ranks he fights.
People, he is not dead ;
Tyrants, his voice, still hear ;
To despots, still a dread,
To knaves and priests, a fear.
Dead ? To him, glory gives
A life all mourning wrongs ;
Conqueror of Death, he lives
Immortal in his songs.

YOUR OWLS DON'T LIKE THE LIGHT.

DEDICATED TO THE OPPONENTS OF NATIONAL EDUCATION.

SLUMBERING, Nature lay
In the calmness of earth's first night—
Not a sight that gladdens the day—
Not a sound that blesses the light.
Westward the white stars roll'd ;
Eastward the heavens grew gray,
Then stain'd with a rosy flush,
Then crimson'd with mounting day.
But, hark ! What screechings dire
The golden morning fright—
Hoots and shriekings vile ?
The owls don't like the light.

There's joy in the cock's shrill crow,
With which the morning rings ;
There's gladness on every bough,
Where the speck'd thrush, waking, sings
Showers of rapture rain
From every cloud on high,
Where, scaling the purple dawn,
The lark thrills up the sky.
But, hark ! What screechings dire
The gladness of nature fright—
Hoots and shriekings vile ?
The owls don't like the light.

Look wherever you may,
In river, or air, or earth,
Life is in love with day ;
Delight, 'tis all and mirth.
Roses that hueless hid
Away in the dusky gloom,
Are blushing their praise to day—
All colour and faint perfume.
But, hark ! What screechings dire
The general gladness fright—
Hoots and shriekings vile ?
The owls don't like the light.

Pansies in velvet pride
Are matching the day's own gold ;
Lilies the sunshine woo,
With moon-light smiles and cold ;
Buttercups throng each lawn,
Cold with the daisies' snow,
And primrosed woodland banks
Hid violets laugh below.
But, hark ! What screechings dire
The general gladness fright—
Hoots and shriekings vile ?
The owls don't like the light.

Trout each stream flash through,
And leap in the golden day ;
Bees and the wasp are out,
Noisy of mirth and May ;
Butterflies through the sun
Flit and flicker and glow ;
Rooks are cawing above,
Beetles droning below.

But, hark ! What screechings dire
 The general gladness fright—
 Hoots and shriekings vile ?
 The owls don't like the light.

Gladness, the light of day
 To all but your owls may bring ;
 Only for night are they ;
 They—can they shout and sing ?
 All things else may hail
 With hymnings the shining sun ;
 They at his glory hoot,
 They from his lustre run.
 Hark to their screechings dire !
 Screamings for gloom and night !
 Hoots and shriekings vile ?
 Your owls don't like the light.

BAINES'S FIGURES.

You may prove anything by figures.

Carlyle's Chartism.

THE people ignorant! bless you, Sirs, what tongue can fully
show,

Excepting Edward Baines's own, how much the people know!
Oh, clamourers for knowledge—oh, all ye who cry for schools,
You can't have seen his figures sure,—why, you're the only
fools;—

Except your poor, blind, doting selves, if you'll but use his
eyes,

You'll see, good folks, but those who are, or fast are getting
wise;

Perchance, through rural districts, you have walk'd for miles
and miles,

Through swarms of red-cheek'd rustics all as knowing as
their stiles—

The alleys of our cities you perchance have wander'd through,
And found their ragged denizens as rich in mind as shoe—

Now listen—people, too, ere this, have dared, to seers, to doubt
The existence of the fairies that they talk'd so much about,
When, lo! the second-sighted, all their magic numbers straight
Have mumbled—four times four are nine, and three and three
are eight,

And in a trice so devill'd quite has been the doubters' sight,
They've clearly seen how false they saw and sworn that black
was white,

And what to common mortal sight have hills and windmills
been,

And sheep and calves, to their witch'd eyes, have all been
elves in green,

Till look'd they right or look'd they left, they 've vow'd the
empty air is,

As Baines's England is all schools and intellect, ALL fairies.

Oh, do but read his magic scrolls—his awful sums tell o'er,

You'll learn full soon what none but he has ever known
before;

Statistics!—his statistics so wondrous are, they show

That none but he can calculate how much the people know—

You, honest souls, may dare to say, experience proves,
indeed,

That out of every dozen, six, perhaps, can almost read—

That out of every twenty, ah, some minds, Baines will excel,

A third or so, indeed no more, can very nearly spell;

Admitted;—but, Sirs, if you've been at hanging, race, or fair,

You've seen another sort of Baines, a paper conjurer there,—

A roll of spoilt white paper, just like Baines's self, he holds,

And oh, what conjurations queer lie lurking in its folds!

A sheet of crumpled paper—no, 'tis nothing more you think—

Why, Sirs, it is a thousand, thousand things ere you can
wink;

The wise-one's fingers; work and straight you own you're but
a fool;

Why 'tis a calf—a reading boy—a throng'd and busy school—

A thoughtful teacher—a wise dame—all things, no matter
what,

That thing within his hands will be whatever it is not;

And as he with his paper, so, my friends, to your amaze,

This Wizard of the North, our Baines, with facts and figures
plays;

—

His mind is a kaleidoscope which, peep'd into, you see
How in its tiny circle things transmogrified can be—
How things as plainly worthless as that toy's poor bits of tin,
And glass and beads, by its strange power may admiration
win—

How simple things, in very truth, of less than no account,
Reflected,—multiplied—confused—to some false worth may
mount;

Pythagoras through numbers got at wonders so profound
That none to comprehend them quite have ever yet been
found—

And all great conjurors, since those that were so shamed by
Moses,

Have scented more in noughts than e'er was smelt by common
noses :

Of all the tribes of Sidrophels who've ever cheated, few
Have not found out with numbers what no one else could
do—

And even in these faithless days, by Carlyle 'tis confest,
Of all your mares'-nest-finders, statisticians are the best ;
But of all figure-jugglers known—ay, be they who they will,
For grand results of fallacies, friend Baines, oh, give me still !
Oh, numbers—numbers, when did ye e'er work out for a
nation

So false a lie as that this land has lots of education ?

DON'T STOP THE WAY!

A HINT TO THE LORDS.

THE way's block'd up! What can it be?
And, zounds! at such a time as this!
See what's the matter, Cabby, see;
Lord! what appointments we shall miss!
Cart—waggon—omnibus—cab—brougham,
All, see, are caught in one dead lock;
Holloa, there! make that coach make room!
The way, that old coach mustn't block:
Draw aside, there! Holloa, I say,
Coachman, you mustn't stop the way!

What! won't he move—what does he say?
He looks straight on; he looks as big
As if the whole world here to-day
Were bound to reverence his curl'd wig;
Pelted with chaff, he lifts his nose
As if in scorn of us—us dirt;
As if we're but mere Cits, he knows,
Whose sight by rights his eyes should hurt;
Come, draw aside, there; come, I say,
Coachman, you must not stop the way!

That's right! I wish that I was near;
That cabbage-stalk was neatly flung;
I thought that that would make him hear;
Well, there, at last he's found a tongue.
What! does he growl? His wrathful phiz
At last to us some words affords;
What! do we know whose coach it is?
What! do we know it's own'd by Lords?
We've business, man, to do to-day!
Your Lords, man, mustn't stop the way!

Now then, your Lordships! Carter, smash
Their pannels if they will not stir;
Their Lordships sure would hear the crash,
E'en though the first of Dukes they were;
What! say their Dukeships, we're to wait?
They don't think soon they'll let us by?
My Lords, it may be soon too late;
Good-bye to patience, soon say I.
Your Lordship's servants, may we pray
You'll move your old coach from the way!

What! Won't you, Lords? What! who are we?
Long as you like the road you'll bar!
Come, move along, or soon you'll see
We'll show your Lordships who we are;
What! To block up the way's your right?
You always did so long ago?
To stop us still was your delight?
Why shan't you do so now, you'd know?
We can't stand talking here all day;
Move on, my Lords! Come, clear the way!

Nay; if to move you still refuse
Why we must make you; so, here goes;
You drive us other means to use;
If words won't do, why then for blows;
Here's Baron Rothschild waiting here;
Smash into them, you waggon there.
Lord! what a crash! the way is clear;
To keep us here, why did they dare?
We've served you right, my Lords, I say;
Your Lordships should'nt stop the way!

1857.

SONG OF TRIUMPH.

FOR EDWARD BAINES'S GREAT DISCOVERY OF THE PEOPLE
HAVING PLENTY OF EDUCATION.

O H, have you heard the news,
High source of gratulation ?
It just has been found out
We've lots of education ;
No more for schools and schools
Oh people's friends, be screeching ;
Good Sirs, we're cram'm'd with knowledge
And overgorged with teaching.
Yes, Baines has found it out,
So songs of triumph raise ;
To Baines who found it out
Be honour, fame, and praise.

To great discoveries still
Men grope their way through blunders,
You know how Kepler err'd
And stumbled on to wonders ;
So Baines through swearing hard
How ignorant was the nation,
Has stumbled on the fact
That we're all education ;

So to Baines who found it out
Your joyful Pæans raise ;
'Twas Baines who found it out,
And his be fame and praise.

You'll marvel I'll be sworn,
Such blunders we've been making—
At all men thus enlightenment
For ignorance mistaking ;
To take the day for night
No credit's to our sight, Sirs ;
Yes, yes, it must have shone
Dark with excess of light, Sirs ;
So to Baines who found it out
Your songs of triumph raise ;
'Twas Baines who found it out—
Be his renown and praise.

O France ! exult at will
At finding out your planet ;
The search for new-found Neptune,
What care we who began it ?
Find out as much as Baines ;
Ah, then, your claim we'll doubt it,
But, his discovery ours,
What need we care about it ?
So to discoverer Baines
Loud Io Pæans raise ;
He letters night to sunshine—
Be his renown and praise.

Yes, France, we now resign
Le Verrier's name to story ;
With Baines to write above it,
Why need we grudge you glory ?

Don't say your sage's name
Is mate for Baines's—'tis n't;
He only finds what is—
Our genius finds what isn't;
So to Baines—discoverer Baines,
Loud Io Pæans raise;
High o'er all mares'-nest finders
Be his renown and praise.

FORWARD!

THE SHOUT OF FORTY-EIGHT.

THE word is forth—the word is forth;
It stirs the South—it shakes the North:
Forward!

Shout, France! thou France that gav'st it birth;
Shalt thou not lead a chainless earth?
Forward!

Shout, Switzerland! Where is the wrath,
The hate that would have barred thy path?
Forward!

On, sworded might of re-born Rome,
Again of freemen the free home;
Forward!

And thou, Palermo, arm'd and free,
Who now again shall fetter thee?
Forward!

Thou, Art's great daughter, Florence fair!
Of right's great triumphs seize thy share.
Forward!

Thou, Venice, thralldom from thee hurl'd,
Up—up again to lead the world!
Forward!

Up, Milan, with thy old free shout !
Shalt thou not cast the Austrian out ?
Forward !

Ho, Genoa, be the nations told
Yet burn in thee the fires of old !
Forward !

Baden, that hast thy despot taught
No more thou liv'st with fetter'd thought,
Forward !

Thou, München ! thou hast dared the start ;
Of Earth's great future grasp thy part !
Forward !

Bohemia, on ! thy tyrant flung ;
On ! free in pen and free in tongue !
Forward !

On ! girded thy great race to run !
On ! fiery freedom of the Hun !
Forward !

On, Prussia ! thine no longer be
A phantasy of liberty !
Forward !

Ho, Austria, too, art thou not free ?
Art thou not, too, become as we ?
Forward !

Poland, thy hope no more is dumb !
Poland, at last thy hour is come !
Forward !

Spain! wilt thou longer brook the wrong?
Up! strong for right—for freedom strong!
Forward!

How long, O Portugal, shalt thou
Bear all that thou art bearing now?
Forward!

Hath not dull Holland heard the word?
Is not the blood of Belgium stirr'd?
Forward!

You, sister rules of the far North,
Hath not to you the word gone forth?
Forward!

Thou, England! thou of freedom born!
Shalt thou become the nations' scorn?
Forward!

Up, Island trampler of the sea!
Up—lead the future of the free!
Forward!

Clear from the brand of guilt thy brow;
Shall Ireland always be as now?
Forward!

Up—justice to the nations show;
Up—curb thy high, and lift thy low!
Forward!

Lo! the roused nations look to thee;
On—worthy of thy future be!
Forward!

HURRAH—HURRAH—WE MOVE!

A TRIUMPH.

IT moves—it moves ; Earth hath not slept ;
It crouch'd but for its spring ;
Of silence is the thunder born,
And winters, harvests, bring.
It did but palsied weakness feign,
The more its strength to prove ;
'Tis bounding for the goal again !
Hurrah—hurrah—we move !

Shout—shout ; the fetter'd might of France
Again hath rent her chain ;
Ho, tyrants crouch ; St. Antoine treads
The Tuilleries again ;
In majesty and might she rose
Again to Earth to prove.
A nation's will can laugh at swords ;
Hurrah—hurrah—we move !

Rome—Rome—once more a trumpet blast
Rings in the chainless sound ;
Great thoughts again hath Genoa spoke ;
Free words hath Florence found ;
Palermo all her tyrant's wrath
Hath dared in arms to prove ;
Free ! Naples shouteth by the sea ;
Hurrah—hurrah—we move !

The storm is forth—the rushing blast ;
Lo, in its mighty roar,
The thrones and ancient powers of wrong
Usurp the earth no more ;
Ho, Prussia, where's thine iron rule ?
Ho, Austria, dost thou prove
The byword of exulting man ?
Hurrah—hurrah—we move !

And Poland, giant sin of time,
For thee is promise dumb ?
Shouts not triumphant hope thy name ?
Is not thine hour, too, come ?
It sweeps—the rending storm sweeps on ;
Lo, the free earth shall prove
Its nobler life—its chainless years ;
Hurrah—hurrah—we move !

And England sleeps ; Bohemia stirs ;
Stirs too the fiery Hun ;
The Lombard rends the Austrian's heel ;
Milan hath freedom won ;
Awake—awake—press thou too on,
First-born of Freedom, prove
Thy right to lead the march of man,
And teach the world to move.

1848.

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"BUT IT DOES MOVE STILL."

Galileo in the Inquisition.

A TRIUMPH FOR THE PEOPLE.

HURRAH! it will—it does move still;
Ho! despots, dread its way!
Swift, brothers, still it moves to our will;
Who say that Earth's dead to-day?
When our hopes that grew great in '48,
Crowns and swords were strong to kill,
"Alas!" we said, "we but dream;—Earth's dead!"
But, brothers, it does move still!
East, west, south and north—the word that is forth
With gladness our hearts shall fill;
Earth's march but dies to our faithless eyes;
See! brothers, it does move still!

Freedom struck in vain on Novara's plain;
Radetsky smote her down;
But her shame is past, and, erect, at last,
She mocks at the Austrian's frown:
Off, Florence has cast her fetter'd past;
Soft Naples is freedom's home;
Soon thine own shall be, O Italy,
Freed Venice and priestless Rome;
France's despot's schemes have passed like dreams;
Garibaldi shall have his will;
Grand thy future shall be, O Italy;
Old Earth—does it not move still!

Ho! Freedom, laugh out to the battle-shout
Of the ranks that for thee stood!
No more shall their swords sink to Russia's hordes,
Or their cry die down in blood;
They strove in vain, but this hour again
Thy Hungary arms. To-day,
With her old free might, she claims her right,
And who shall dare say her "Nay."
Let the Hapsburg fear! Her hour is near;
Can he chain to-day her will!
Her fetters accurst, behold! she has burst;
Old Earth—ah, it does move still!

You, Germans, too, to our hopes are true;
To-day you no more are dumb;
No—your hearts are stirr'd and your voices heard;
You know that your hour has come;
Ungagg'd Berlin will see Prussia win
Your rights while she grasps her own;
And the hundred things that you now call kings,
Will give place to one German throne;
Let the Brandenburg see that ready he be
To do yours and Freedom's will,
Or soon shall his crown to your shouts go down;
Old Earth—yes, it does move still!

See, the iron day of Austria's sway
Darkens down to its stormy end;
See, her bloody throne, built on swords alone,
Tries vainly to find a friend;
Bohemia wakes; Vienna takes
Fresh heart for the fight she lost;
She arms her again; woe to those, in vain,
By whom now her path is crost;

Look, Poland finds life for the holy strife :
The old words her poor lips fill ;
Even crouching Tyrol has found a soul ;
Old Earth—yes, you do move still !

Nor, Freedom, art thou 'mongst our brothers now
Gagg'd and mock'd at as of late ;
That shame is past, and freemen at last
Give you service in place of hate ;
Those who stood with you, when your friends were few,
Into conquering hosts have grown ;
And your voice to-day speaks rule and dismay
To your foes with a thunder tone ;
Let the mad South rave !—the North will have,
For slave and for free, its will ;
And no blot shall rest on the mighty West ;
Old Earth—yes, it does move still.

Even Russia's heart in our joy takes part ;
She joins in our hopes at last ;
At last even she wills her serfs to be
Not the things of her dark foul past ;
And never fear when her serfs are men
That their despot's will they'll do ;
They, too, then will be yours, Liberty,
Like us, they'll still strike for you ;
Let them taste of the cup that your hand fills up ;
To drain it, will be their will ;
And friends of the free, not foes, they'll be ;
Old Earth—yes, it does move still !

And does France not stir ?—yes, still life's in her,
Though fetter'd and gagg'd she lies ;
For the strife once more, as she's risen before,
To rend and to rule, she'll rise ;

Let her despot beware! Close grows the air,
Hot as when the earthquake's near;
The storm will burst, and, from things accurst,
Never fear but the day 'twill clear;
Yes—the march of man that with time began,
Sometimes moves not to our will,
But who doubts to-day that the Earth makes way?
Yes, brothers, it does move still!

1862.

WHAT THEY SAID AT THE STRIKES.

Gaunt and grim was the hungry crowd
From whose heart this chant rose wild and loud.

“AY, men of trade, we have our rights,
We drudges,—we—the poor;
The right to serve,—the right to want,
To work and to endure;
The fireless grate—the freezing bed—
The racking aches that seize
The bones and sinews of the poor,
Ay, we’ve our right to these.

“Rights?—brutish lives of untaught vice—
Minds stunted,—health unstrung,—
The sallow cheek,—the shrivell’d form,—
Thoughts that were never young;
The squalid court,—the garret bare,—
The hunger never sure
The coming day shall bring its bread,—
Such rights have we—the poor,

“Fools!—fools!—to doubt your laws of wealth,
To hold THAT truth’s untrue
That hands us over, old and young,
Slaves, men of gold, to you!
Slaves?—slaves?—I lie;—to such as we
The slave’s work, true, you give,
But, need us not, and you deny
The right of slaves to live.

Your Unions ?—and had I forgot
Your Christian love sublime,
That doles a diet out to want
'Twould blush to thrust on crime ?
Said I, we workers have no rights ?
Forgot I that we're born
To all your guardians' kindly cares,—
Your workhouse meals and scorn ?

Work ?—work or none, your horse, your hound
You care for as of worth ;
Men are the only things of life
You starve from off the earth ;
What matter ?—Have your wise not found
This world, God only made
To grope for wealth—its only want,
Prosperity to trade ?

Laws ?—laws ?—what are your laws to us ?
We have not wealth or birth ;
Dear justice—game laws—ignorance—want—
These preach to us their worth ?
Your army where no poor men rise,—
Your rich men's ruling—ay,
We know it by the tax on tax
Our poverty must pay.

Ay, doubtless we but burden earth !
For what do such as I
But all your luxuries—all your wants,
And wildest whims supply ?
What gain you from our pauper days
But all you ever need ?
All, from the weak and ragged lives
Whose wants you never heed.

“ What ?—labour’s free ?—leave things alone—

’Tis best ?—and say you so ?

Alas, this freedom you so vaunt,

What ’tis, too well we know ;

We glut your markets ; bid us hire

On which life scarce can live,

Our birthright, want, compels us down

To drudge for what you give.

“ Machinery—blessing that shall be,

It shall not have our curse,

Though now it heap but wealth on few,

And make our doom but worse :

Hope sees a day when from its good

Its present ills shall fall—

When, strong to free the strength of man,

’Twill bless and comfort all.

“ Men, shall we bless your social state

That shame but to us metes,

That gives our infants to your jails—

Our daughters to your streets ?

Your hulks we have ;—where are your schools ?

Hear you not wisdom preach

They sow the whirlwind who prefer

To smite instead of teach ?

“ No—all man’s wants I fail to find

In this your one word—wealth ;

Wealth, pampering few, gives it to all

Mind—comfort—leisure—health ?

The social state that gives not these

As self-condemn’d I hold ;

The common rights of men with me

Outbalance all your gold.

- “ Front me not with your priestly cant ;
God gives enough for all ;
Who says he wills that one should want,
Them, foul blasphemers, call ;
'Twere well your comforts and our needs
To rivet with his nod,
But think not we, our man-made ills,
Will father upon God.
- “ Why poverty must always be,
You rich may plainly see,
But, trust me, that the matter, Sirs,
Is not so plain to me ;
Change lots ;—try want ;—one little week
Such reasons new shall show,
That, ere 'tis gone, I've trust, your faith
Shall strange conversion know.
- “ Thank God ! we can dream of a time
When want shall cease from earth,
When, Heaven's good gifts enjoy'd by all,
Not one shall curse his birth ;
It comes—it comes ;—despite your scoffs,
The black East hath its gleam ;
The future shows God's love no lie,
His justice not a dream.
- “ Utopian ?—Nay, spare not your jeers :
We hold them at their worth.
Wild dreams ?—dreams wild as ours ere this
Have walk'd, as facts, the earth ;
How was the holy wisdom mock'd
Our reverence bows before,
The wild dreams dream'd by love long since
On Galilee's blest shore ?

“ Lo, knowledge breedeth discontent,
And strong resolve for right ;
Justice is throned for rule the hour
The millions know their might ;
Sublime it comes—the reign of love—
The longing of all eyes—
It nears—the future of our dreams,
An earth for ill too wise.”

THE RAISING OF THE FLAG AT FORT SUMTER,

APRIL 12, 1865.

(A Song by an English Northerner.)

Now God be praised, ye peoples—yes, your glad Te Deums
raise ;

To God, our God, be glory still, be thankfulness and praise !
He who fought for us at Naseby and in Worcester's bloody
fray,

His right arm shields and succours us, and strikes with us to-
day ;

He hath chastened us and scourged us sore with misery and
defeat ;

Through bitter ways that tried our souls He has led our toil-
ing feet ;

Because we bore so long with sin and loved the unclean thing,
He has given the agony of years our hearts with tears to wring ;
Because to Moloch we bowed down, and ourselves to Mammon
sold,

With sacrifice of blood and sin, for the South's accursed gold,
He hath tried us in the furnace, He hath skimmed the vile-
ness off,

He hath made us to our gibing foes a mockery and scoff,
Till they said, "He hath forsaken them ; His servants are
our prey !"

But the Lord our God hath heard our cry ; He hath struck
with us to-day !

Oh, how the heathen triumphed ! how our foes dared to
rejoice !

There were prophecies on every tongue, and taunts in every
voice :

They said, "Let us arise and slay; were not these freemen
born,

Like our bondsmen that they'd have free, for our scourgings
and our scorn?"

But they who came to scourge and slay, our God gave them
to meet,

For glory, shame—for victory, rout—for triumph, but defeat.
And they who came to bind, are bound—are slain, who came
to slay;

He has turned, in mercy, from his own, the vaunters' wrath
away.

To Him be glory, Him alone—our shield, our wall, our rock,
Our great salvation, and our stay in the battle's fiery shock!
Where be they now who called on Him—false priests, who
mocked His name—

Who, Baal-prophets, called on Him to scorch us in His flame!
Like flax within the furnace, like to stubble in the fire,
Like crackling briers, by us, the Lord consumed them in His
ire.

It was upon an April morn, four fearful years ago,
That first the vaunting Southerners the Stars and Stripes
hauled low;

That Charleston crowded all the wharves of her rebellious
town,

Her cheering roofs and peopled spires, while the old flag went
down;

Her heart was brimmed with haughty pride, her lips with
scoffs, that morn;

We freemen were her laughs, her jests, her gibes, her jeers,
her scorn;

We were but spaniels, made to crouch when she but oped her lip,
Too happy, in her mercy, if we 'scaped the brand and whip.

Whom God has doomed He maddens first—she had no doubts
or fears,
She looked not forward to this day through misery, blood,
and tears.
She thought not that the cup for us she filled should be her
cup ;
That to the bitter dregs this hour her lips should drink it up ;
The flag that fluttered down that day, to-day on Sumter
waves ;
Her cannon roar to welcome it across her children's graves.

“ Who smiteth with the sword,” God saith, “ shall perish
by the sword !”

She marked not nor remembered that, forsaken of the Lord,
Like Pharoah did he doom her, in His ire, to be laid low,
Because she dealt out hell to men, nor let her bondsmen go.
Her heart He hardened and her eyes He blinded in his wrath
That she might spurn His warnings of the pit within her
path.

She saw not then the fiery hand that wrote in gathering
gloom,
The “ Mene Tekel” on her walls that told her hastening
doom.

Ho ! women-whippers ply the scourge ! toys of your pride
and lust,

The chattels that you held not men tread on you in the dust.
The negroes that you scourged and sold, the blacks that you
abhorred,

God bids, within your streets to-day, hold over you the sword.
You dared defy the right He spake—spake from His judg-
ment-seat,

Therefore this hour in fear you lie beneath your bondsmen's
feet.

Yet, preacher of God's truth, to-day—mortal, to whom 't is
given
To tell to man in Sumter's walls the righteous ways of
Heaven;
While thou with trembling heart behold'st the sin of years
laid low,
Pray that, the evil gone, the All-good fresh vengeance may
forego;
That He may bid the tempest hush—the wrath of men be still,
That thy great land, purged in the fire, henceforth may work
His will;
That, purified through pain and death—baptized in blood and
tears,
Victor and vanquished both may read the judgments of these
years.
So shall the anguish ye have sown, the losses which ye weep,
Rise into harvests of all good you and your sons may reap—
That, when they tell in future times of all God by you
wrought,
They still may see your strength was still the right for which
you fought.
The wrong He smites. Praise to our God! The right He
shields and saves.
Thou flag preach this, long as thy pride o'er ball-rent Sumter
waves!



RHYMED REASON BY A RADICAL.

THE POLITICS OF THE PEOPLE.

BY ONE OF THEMSELVES.

PART II.

**SELECTIONS FROM MY FORTHCOMING
EXPECTED ADDRESSES, ETC.**

Le Peuple est ma Muse.

Beauregar.

LONDON:

THOMAS MURBY, 32, BOUVERIE STREET.

1865.

1

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THE POLITICS OF THE PEOPLE.

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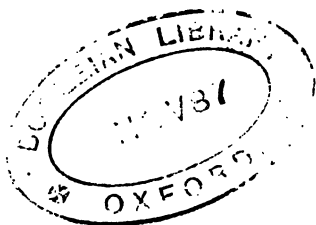
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1865.



LONDON:

THOMAS MURBY, 32, BOUVERIE STREET, FLEET STREET, E.C.

I.

DISRAELI'S.

II.

LOWE'S.

III.

A SKETCH BIOGRAPHICAL.

SELECTIONS

FROM MY FORTHCOMING

"EXPECTED ADDRESSES."

THE Commons' House of the United Kingdom has recently shown a twist towards poetry in requesting its Whalley to charm it with song.

I have learned that, not stopping there, the leaders of all parties have been indulging in "sacred verse" in preparing their coming Election Addresses.

As a punishment, I presume, for my being a small poet, several of these so-called poems have been inflicted upon me by their perpetrators,—for my emphatic approval, of course, they being naturally anxious to be genially encouraged in their first pretty stumblings on the charmed slopes of Parnassus.

A few have seemed to me worthy of being pilloried before the public in print, not only for the poetical demerits of their attempts, but for their having so let fly their opinions with a twang, and, as I may say, whizzed and barbed them into our memories. Of course I have selected only the most notable offenders. I expose Mr. Lowe and Mr. Disraeli to the proper execration of a justly indignant public. If that public wish more to be punished, let it speak. "*Cæsar Imperator, morituri te salutant!*"

EXPECTED ADDRESSES.

I.

THE RIGHT HON. BENJAMIN DISRAELI'S
ADDRESS
TO THE ENLIGHTENED ELECTORS OF BUCKING-
HAMSHIRE.

"To soar to dizzyest heights."

SOMEBODY.

WHAT is the most wonderful wonder in history ?
Behold me before you, the Caucasian Mystery !
Jews are prodigies,—that to own, you can't refuse,
If you've read me ;—well, I am the marvel of Jews.
You've heard of chameleons from some horrid spouter ;
I'm the Hebrew Chameleon—a real out-and-outer.
You own me a poser, now I've but begun with you—
A Sphynx-riddle quite, you'll hold me ere I've done with you.

The way I prefer to explain to you all
That I think is, by telling you nothing at all :
If you haven't a cry, except one that will cry ill,—
Our case now—try, *vox et præterea nihil*.

To Talleyrand's notion I early was brought,
That speech exists for the concealment of thought.
For all, but the oldest, of you country birds,
The best tail-salt is certainly Hamlet's "Words, words,"
Words which may have three meanings, or four, or else none,
But never on any account only one;
That's fatal; for now just the one thing to fear,
In talking at all, is at all talking clear.
If I spoke in a tongue understood by the people,
And not in bright moonshine of "altar and steeple,"
Should I not be arming the Liberal faction
With some handle for causing a Liberal reaction,
Thereby keeping our forks from the rich public dishes,
And leaving us still *sans* the loaves and the fishes?
And that would, to your mind and mine too, I guess,
Be serving us all round to Benjamin's mess.

'Tis a delicate art, suiting me, that light screening
An awkward idea in a mist of no meaning;
I'm partial to gathering humbug from histories,
So I've utilized the Eleusinian Mysteries,
Where but the initiate knew what they talked of,
And all the low people all meaning were balked of.
With my Jesuit brethren, I hold that, not any
Ideas should be dealt unprepared to the many;
Conservative priests, like myself, are required
To manipulate these to whatever's desired;
Before they're allowed the outsiders to reach,
They must be by me passed through the cookery of speech;
This fits them, though dangerous, quite for their swallow,
Without any dread that bad symptoms will follow—

Dilutes them, disguises them, makes them illusion
Just fit to be coloured to any conclusion ;
So for white, black, or both for our party's behoof,
My sets of vague phrases will furnish clear proof.
That this is my system, who dares to deny it ?
You've often and oftentimes heard me apply it.

Of all schemes of "Progress" that cause such a rumpus,
I've bolted the whole lot ;—I've boxed the whole compass.
For more than "the five points," in starting, I went,
Till Chartism plainly, no pay or place, meant ;
Then Russell and Whiggism fixed me, till they
Too failed to provide me with office and pay ;
Peelism I next rather took to, to feel,
Alas ! 'twas my doom, to get nothing from Peel.
Now—nothing—one can't well believe upon that,
And the landlords were just then in want of a rat ;
Their losses of leaders,—I made them my gains,
So they supplied body, I venom and brains.
I glory in thinking I made Peel endure
As much as I could, for unstarving the poor.
A Proteus—a Harlequin—I've known all changes.
Through all beliefs possible, my true faith ranges.
So whichever pays best, without dodging at all,
I can swear that is mine, as I've like faith in all.

The Suffrage ? To grant it to all men may do
In Australia, America—countries quite new,—
But for England,—I trust that you needn't be told
This wouldn't agree with a country so old.
Wrong's existed so long, that I trust we have grown
Quite resolved, dukes must "do what they like with their own."

If you think nineteen-twentieths should have some voice
In electing their Commons' House, give them some choice.
As you won't do without it, I'll be frank with you,
And own there should be, perhaps, some safe progress too;
Some addition to those who our members elect,
Just enough as are sure, such as we, to select.
Yes, we'll widen the suffrage to some few who crave it;
But first I'd extend it to most who now have it.
It may seem superfluous, perhaps, to do this,
But while it does nothing, it don't sound amiss.
The many are apt to take in any stuff,
If you only take good care to talk it enough;
And surely the safest, if truth must be stated,
Of voters, are those but on paper created.
Then for real electors,—if have them we must,—
Their place in our system with care we'll adjust.
Displacement of class power—that from us be far!
No changes that won't leave things just as they are!
The Press, I regret, has such shocking sharp eyes,
We hardly can hope some delightful surprise
By shuffling the seats well, to deal—O rare frolic!
By Reforming our House into one more bucolic.

Now, of progress, we know there are several ways;
Three courses to choose from are clear to my gaze.
Of course there's straight progress, that Radicals want,
That of course neither Tories nor Whigs mean to grant.
There's progress pig-fashion—that's backwards. *From Cork*
off,
An Irish pig driven, straight *to* Cork, will walk off;
There's progress crab-fashion, sideways; I opine
That mode of advance, for the people, is mine;

To move on without getting forward—now this
Seems a people's progression with nothing amiss ;
I call it my "Lateral" system ; I'm proud
Of a name that so muddles and humbugs the crowd ;
It so seems to promise just what the mob wish,
And is so sure the mob of its wishes to dish.
My "Lateral" suffrage,—they're puzzling about it ;
That's the suffrage they'll get, or, faith, they'll do without it.
We've met all Whig moves with an unreasoning "Nay ;"
I trust none will substitute for that word "bray !"
We've hurled back all advance,—yes, with voices like
Stentors,
And from all real reforms we've been thorough dissenters.
Ours have been the triumphs, our rivals' the loss ;
I trust none will think that the fight was a cross.

For our Foreign Policy—now, as to Rome,
The Pope governs much as we've governed at home.
Though the difference here is, we rule by soft solder,
There they prefer bayonets to keep towns in order.
Bad governments,—Tories have always loved such ;
The worst of bad governments, we must love much.
So "The Temporal Power,"—on that, friends, I doat,
For itself, and to manage the Irish vote.
Austrian all,—if we'd office, you'd pretty soon see
If Italians should long be united and free.
As for Venice and Rome, give us power, and let them
Be sure as eggs are eggs, "we wish they may get them."

America ? We're rather down in the mouth,
With the sudden collapse of our set in the South.

They went forth to battle, as we might, alone,
That they still might do "what they liked with their own;"
We've felt with them quite in their slaughtering their
brothers,

For that holiest right to sell babes from their mothers.
Women-whippers who ruled by the gag and the whip,
Must not sympathy for such be still on our lip?
It must be to Tories a natural thought,—
These Southern Conservatives our battle fought,
Not only while public opinion they schooled
To faith in a rule that quite ignored the ruled,
But more than that, they, even war, did not shirk,
To prove for us, that a Republic won't work,
To show to home democrats here, by the sword,
Their democracy was quite a failure abroad,
And that if here American freedom they wanted,
They were not in their senses, we'd take it for granted.
If we had held power, I think I may say,
We shouldn't have but looked on in the Whig way.
The people's growls—Northern ones,—why should we heed
'em?

You'd now have been in for a war against freedom.
As the people's rights here we in Europe demolished,
There the power that preached them, we would have abolished.
But the South has gone under; for that sad event,
We hardly need say how we grieve and lament!

On Finance I would rather, I own, friends, not talk,
As Gladstone has made it so much his own walk;
But just this I'll say, as it's such nice fine salt,
To catch you Arcadians, I'll half tax your malt.

For the Church, on that question I'm the real dark oracle,
And I say it mustn't be touched—it's historical.
Now there's a nice mouthful of sound—sure to tell ;
As if it were more than sound,—it does as well ;
“ Our Historical Church,”—yes, our firm resolve still it is
To fight for all Church-rates and Church disabilities.

And now you've my notions you'll make yourselves busy
In sending up Members for Derby and Dizzy,
“ The Farmer's Friends.” No, you'll not leave in the lurch
The friends of preserves and the Irish Church !
And if you'll return the right men to the House,
We'll find cheese both for town and for rude country mouse ;
Give us votes enough but to get office and pay,
And it's strange if some good things don't wander your way ;
I fear that our favourite meal we sha'n't dish up
For some time ; Pam's rejuveniled every bishop ;
We're shockingly hungry for good things ; so long
The Whigs have enjoyed them, our appetite's strong ;
So here's “ The Old Cause, Church and State, and our wishes
We soon may be deep in the loaves and the fishes,
Dispensing and jobbing, and filling all places
With slips of Dundrearies and blank well-bred faces.”
Then I and my party will be in our glory ;
So “ long live a government Dizzy and Tory !”

II.

THE RIGHT HON. ROBERT LOWE'S

A D D R E S S

TO THE FREE AND INDEPENDENT ELECTORS
OF CALNE.

"Within the lowest deep a lower still."

MILTON.

ELECTORS of Calne, I'm your Member, for so
Says his Lordship who owns you, and you can't say no ;
So that matter's settled, for what is his whim
Must please you, and I'm chosen your Member by him.
His footman this time he'll not make your M.P.,
So, instead of his footman, this time you'll take me.
What trouble it saves when you quite understand
You're his property, just like his horses and land !
Just think, now—to me would it not be a bore
If you thought for yourselves—if you were not thought for ?
Of course, as my Lord chooses me as your choice,
I think his opinions—in fact, am his voice.
Now suppose you were not just a human preserve,
With just as much freedom as such things deserve,
If you were some thousands instead of a hundred,
You might on some Liberal Member have blundered.

Instead of a village were you a large town,
You hardly would gulp me so quietly down.
Ah, if you had not been so blessedly few,
My politics must have somewhat suited you.
Where would Lords, and Lords' echoes,—even such as I,—be,
If Calnes were not saved up for them and for me?
Should we not be ousted by persons unpolished?
Would not Lords' M.P.s, and Lowes, be quite abolished?
Where would the world be? where would be the Peers' rights?
People's members, I guess, would be Cobdens and Brights,
Men to whom no right reverence for old wrongs is known,
Who'll not let close Boroughs and Corn Laws alone.

I'm wasting talk on you, you'll think. Take a hint;
I'm speaking a speech, not for you, but to print;
It matters not whether my thought with yours chimes;
I'm talking for office through you and the *Times*.
The impression I made on "the governing classes,"
In Baines's debate, all my triumphs, surpasses;
So, as in that speech I hit on the right vein,
Suppose now I speak that speech over again.

The Suffrage!—I ask you, my friends, how you'd test
Of governments which is, for rulers, the best?
Depend on it, that which their fancy must strike
As fittest, is that where they do as they like.
Good government—that's what our ruling we call;
With that, does it matter who governs at all?
That's the prevalent view of "the governing classes;"
If they didn't hold that, I should hold them for asses.
Now, as to the governed, it's natural, quite,
They shouldn't see quite with their governors' sight;

Especially now,—less and less they like blinkers,
But use their own eyes, and grow readers and thinkers :
A fearful result, which my Lord and I guess
Must be laid, as a sin, to that vile penny press.
Well, let me explain to you, workmen and such like,
My ideas, which to be, friends, your own I should much like.
That suffrage is best which (though too widespread far)
Is the best we now have to keep things as they are ;
And if you do, I need not to doubt, I suppose,
That it's object should be to make M.P.s of Lowes.
How can this be done but by Boroughs just free
Enough to return my Lord's footman or me ?
Whether I or the footman should be in must rest
With his Lordship's idea of which is the best.
Oh, horror ! Oh ! what would my country befall,
If lords' footmen and Lowes couldn't get in at all ?
O sun of our England ! oh, would you still burn,
If Calnes were not flunkies and Lowes to return ?
As Biglow says, " It's like fulfilling the prophecies,
When Lowes and Dundrearies are filling all offices."
What is order, O Britons ! and what revolution ?
What is the great end of Our Free Constitution ?
A thing that we talk about, rightly, no doubt,
Without knowing much what we're talking about.
But all know, like Dizzy, no thing we should fear
So much as, in talking, the being too clear ;
There's nothing at which a good Stand-still should falter
Less than at large talk of " the Throne and the Altar."
And " Our Constitution—free—glorious ! " is just
The safest of safe talk when orate we must.
What is order ? That which fulfils all my Lord's wishes,
And gives to him and his (I'm his) loaves and fishes.

And what's revolution? That which would allow
Power, office, to more than we who get it now.
What keeps in the insides and keeps out the out?
Good government—such as I'm talking about.
Alter that,—I ask, what wouldn't be in the lurch?
Our Game Laws, our ignorance, our Irish Church.
What would their content to the poor then restore?
That the poorer they are they should be taxed the more.
Could we longer make men of less worth than a pheasant,
If good-government Game Laws were not as at present?
If my Lord didn't make me elect of the people,
Where would be the Church? where the altar and steeple?
Good government! To ourselves, is it not known,
That means government for us, and by us, alone?
Mankind—we, the shearers, hold—clearly, were born,
The few, we, to shear,—all the rest, to be shorn.
For us, we've no need that a proof should be sought for,
That but we should think, and the many be thought for;
That all but ourselves must be carefully schooled,
We're fated to rule them,—they live to be ruled.
Why? remember the story, that just our case fits,
Of some darkened Indians, and smart Boston cits.
The last wanted land, and resolved, they'd a right
To what seemed, not theirs, to the natural sight.
They met, and resolved, theirs, their neighbours' possessions,
By making, to themselves, the following concessions;
"The earth is the Lord's and his Saints', we agree;"
Resolved too, *nem. con.*, that "the Lord's Saints are we."
So our right to rule you, not one of us denies;
"The wise still should govern;"—*nem. con.*, "We're the wise."
"The fools must be governed;" and each of us rules,
Resolved, "We must govern, as you are the fools."

I dare say the Red-men did grumble and doubt
Whether white-men's believing should straight turn them out;
And you, ruled and taxed, perhaps can't quite see your way
To our faith that we only should have place and pay.
But does not this plainly your ignorance show ?
Can we trust power to ignorance so terrible ? No.
No ;—" All for the people," with Guizot we say,
" Nothing by them." Ours is fine old Metternich's way.
Such ruling for Russians is still found to do :
That suited the Czar's serfs ; why won't it suit you ?
Reform bills ! the very name sounds to me sinister,
Since I ceased to be late a Reform-bill-plledged minister.
Reform ! when you've office, there's much to be said for it,
While, as an official reformer, you're paid for it,
But when I'm not paid for a new Constitution,
When I'm out, as I am, Reform's plain Revolution.
What will reconvert me ? a place snug and warm ;—
Then, what's now Revolution, will be safe Reform ;
Reform bill ? Unplaced and unpaid, Heaven I thank,
I'm allowed, now at last, to be Tory and frank ;
Why should I be a hypocrite, unpaid, I ask ?
In office, I'd reasons for wearing a mask ;
Now I lose nothing by it, allow me to say,
Increase the electors ?—I'd go t'other way.
On the grounds I have shown, which I beg to recall,
I tell you, there should be no voters at all.
Disfranchise you ?—Yes, I myself see no reason
To let Brights be sent to our House, to talk treason ;
Disfranchise ? Let Russell's old bad work be undone ;
Let a new Schedule D have Leeds—Birmingham—London.
No Manchester men should kill Corn Laws again ;
Forsters, Stansfields, you'd long to send to us in vain.

My model Election is that of gone Gatton,
Where, in his own parlour, at twelve, with his hat on,
He who owned the Borough, two Members selected,
And the people were then told whom they had elected.
The people! Pah! Lords and their lackeys can't bear 'em.
Let London restore her M.P.s to Old Sarum.
Good government, that's what you want, without fuss;
And good government is—being governed by us.
O England! my country! much, much, much too free!
May thy millions, through me, their true interest see,
Nor hanker, a finger to have in our pie,
But live on unfranchised—slaves live, and slaves die.
If "progress" must be, let it be the wrong way;
So now here's "Ourselves, Church and State,—hip—hurray!"

III.

THE CANONIZATION

OF

SAINT BENJAMIN DISRAELI.

A SKETCH BIOGRAPHICAL.

BY ONE OF THE PEOPLE.

WHENE'ER in Spain they make a saint,
To Satan there they show fair play ;
He's asked the candidate to paint,
Nay, pressed his worst of him to say.
But Nick takes little by this fuss,
For when the worst the man he paints,
Most strange result it seems to us,
They hold he'll make the best of saints.
Good Lord ! Ben, what he'd say of you ;
And all, I'm sure, Ben, must agree,
The worst he said would be most true ;
Good gracious ! what a saint you'd be ;

Now, Benjamin, I'll dream a dream ;
I see it all with wondrous awe ;
You to be tried for saintship, seem ;
The devil has his say by law ;
He'll give it to you ; never mind
His blackening matters, not a bit ;
The less you're fit for earth, you'll find,
The more for saintship you'll be fit.
Good Lord ! Ben, what he'll say of you ;
But, Benjamin, we all agree,
The worst he can say will be true ;
Good gracious ! what a saint you'll be.

Hark ! hear Nick at it ! " This thing here
You'd make a saint of—well, I know
If they're like him—their saintships, clear,
Would all be cut dead, down below ;
Vain from his boyhood, dandyish, first
With cares for coats he vexed his brain,
Pondered o'er rings ; with rage would burst
If fashion raved not of his chain."
Good Lord ! Ben, that Nick says of you ;
And, Ben, we all of us agree,
We can but say that that is true ;
Good gracious ! what a saint you'll be !

" Next he'll have a bookmonger's fame—
Nay, a versemonger's ! Men shall say,
Look ! do you know him ? what's his name,
That wrote that bad book 'tother day ?
His verse was prose ; his prose bad verse ;
Pen ne'er such twaddle dripped before ;

You couldn't quite tell which was worse,
But both were good to make men snore."
Good Lord! Ben, that Nick says of you;
And Ben, we all of us agree,
We can but say that that is true;
Good gracious! what a saint you'll be!

"Next, curious change, to please his whim,
Such a philosopher he'll be!
And history-dressed in rags by him,—
Lord! what a scarecrow strange was she!
He so bemasked her, so bedrest
Her natural sane self out of her,
Her dearest friends that knew her best,
Swore, if 'twere she, they idiots were."
Good Lord! Ben, that Nick says of you;
And Ben, yes, all of us agree
We can but say that that is true;
Good gracious! what a saint you'll be!

"Presto! who's here? your saintship still?
Now, Politician he'll be next;
First,—no bad part will suit him ill,—
First, by his help the mob's perplexed;
Hark! 'Magna Charta—Henghist's laws—
The Bill of Rights,'—points, man alive?
This roarer in the people's cause
Wants far more than the Charter's five!"
Good Lord! Ben, that Nick says of you;
And, Ben, yes, all of us agree
We can but say that that is true;
Good gracious! what a saint you'll be!

"Draw up the curtain! See, we're here,
Impatient the next scene to see,
That goblin, shaking babes with fear,
Clown, sprite, or pantaloons he'll be!
No; presto! Harlequin he skips;
With spangles how fools' awe he earns!
Up clown and walking gent he trips,
And all things to confusion turns."
Good Lord! Ben, that Nick says of you;
And, Ben, my man, we all agree,
We can but say that that is true;
Good gracious! what a saint you'll be!

"A ranting Radical no more
(He finds the Charter doesn't pay)
With Somers now our ears he'll bore,
And Whiggism begrimes to-day.
Bedaubed—bedosed—in evil case,
With life it scarce survives his praise!
How scare this nightmare? place, no place!
He only helps the side that pays."
Good Lord! Ben, that Nick says of you;
And, Ben, we all of us agree,
We can but say that that is true;
Good gracious! what a saint you'll be!

"Now, changed again, those worn out things,
Conservatives' old clothes, he'll steal;
On Peel's and Goulburn's rags he flings:
Disguised, he whines for scraps of Peel.
Too sharp the knowing statesman's eyes,—
My beggar acts his part in vain.

Seen through, in wrath away he hies,
In search of principles again.
Good Lord! Ben, that Nick says of you;
And, Ben, we all of us agree,
We can but say that that is true;
Good gracious! what a saint you'll be!

"Change, last and lowest, reached at length;
Old Chartist notions clean forgot,
Of country noodles he's the strength,
The mime, the bully, and what not.
See how he dons the lion's skin,
And brays and brays, believes how sweet
His ass' roar will take us in,
And sane men of their senses cheat."
Good Lord! Ben, that Nick says of you;
And, Ben, we all of us agree,
We can but say that that is true;
Good gracious! what a saint you'll be!

"How county Shallows gape and stare;
His playhouse trash—they understand?
Of course they don't what does he care?
What matter while they think it grand?
Give it to Peel you cringed upon!
Sublime grand go it! (hark! what cheers!)
Bucolic intellects hang on
His breath, with calf-like hopes and fears."
Good Lord! Ben, that Nick says of you;
And, Ben, we all of us agree,
We can but say that that is true;
Good gracious! what a saint you'll be!

“There, there—of course I’ve not said half,
But to say all a horse would tire.
What! Ben a saint! O, sha’n’t we laugh!
Do make him one, if you desire!
Their saintships, though, won’t he disgrace!
It’s not for me at that to carp;
But can heaven keep a solemn face,
When up aloft Ben comes to harp?”
There, Ben, all this Nick says of you;
And, Ben, we all of us agree,
We can but say it’s all too true;
Good gracious! what a saint you’ll be!

